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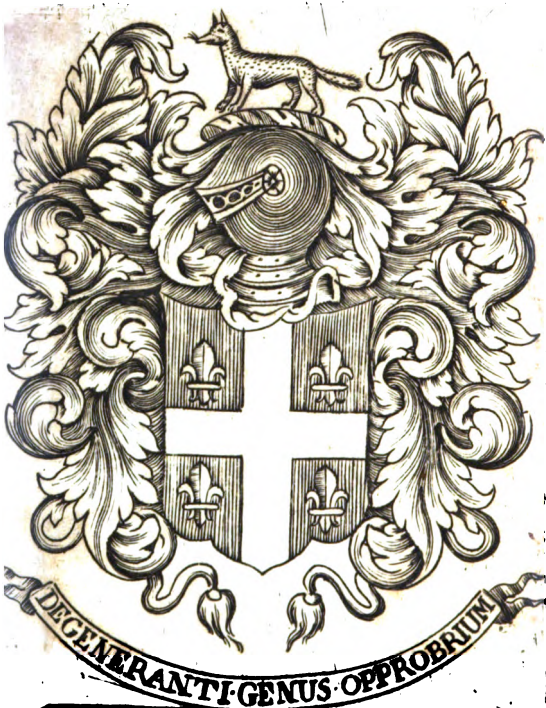
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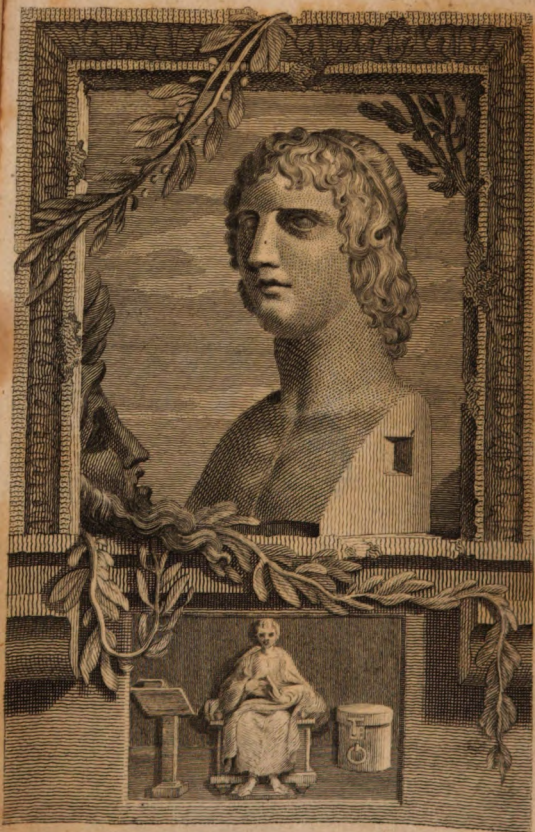
THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXIII.

DRYDEN, VOL. VII. VIII.







VIRGIL.

*Engraved by Skelton, after a drawing by Burney
From a Bust in the Capitoline Gallery.*



PASTORALS VOL. I.

While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

And.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN:

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our Isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style:
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

ADDISON.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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1807.



A
DISSERTATION
ON THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
VIRGIL.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, stiled, by way of pre-eminence, *the Prince of the Latin Poets*, was born on the 15th of October, U. C. 684, about 70 years before Christ, at Andes, now called Petula, in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The particulars of his birth and family are involved in much obscurity; and here, as in many other instances, he resembles the great Greek epic poet, whom he has so successfully imitated.

It is agreed, however, that his father was originally a servant, who acquired the confidence of his master by his fidelity, and at length obtained his daughter Maia in marriage, as a recompence for his worth. She was nearly related to Quin-

tilius Varus, a Roman of an illustrious, though not patrician family, which had distinguished itself in the second Carthaginian war.

At a very early period of his life, Virgil discovered many indications of his future greatness. This, joined to a mild and gentle disposition, induced his parents to bestow an excellent education upon him. He passed his infancy, and early part of his youth, at Mantua; at the age of twelve, he was sent to study at Cremona; at seventeen, he removed to Milan, and thence repaired to Naples, at that time famous for philosophy and polite literature. There he assiduously cultivated an acquaintance with the best Greek and Roman writers; but physic and the mathematics are said to have been his favourite studies. He at first addicted himself to the Epicurean philosophy, under the tuition of Syro, whose learning and virtue Cicero has not disdained to celebrate; but he at length became a pupil of the academic school, to which he adhered during the rest of his life.

After completing his studies at Naples, he was induced, on account of his health, to travel through Italy, and is supposed to have visited Rome. It is reported, that he found means to get himself introduced to Octavius, by the master of his horse; that he predicted an auspicious fortune to the future emperor, from the moles on his body, which were placed so as exactly to

resemble the constellation *Ursa Major*; and that he even foretold, that he should one day become the master of the Roman world. All this, however, is unsupported by any thing better than vague conjecture.

While Virgil was enjoying the sweets of learned ease, after his return to Naples,—where, and at Baiæ, his health had been recovered; and, if we believe some, his poetry improved by the salubrity of the air, and the beauty of the surrounding country,—the troubles of Italy deprived him of his little fortune. After the battle of Philippi, in which he overcame his own personal enemies, and extinguished the liberties of his country, Augustus found it necessary to bribe his mercenary legions with the lands of Mantua and Cremona. Virgil, who was involved in the general calamity, had recourse to Pollio, his first patron, who recommended him to Mæcenas. Feeling and resenting the common injury, he petitioned not for himself alone, but for the whole of his countrymen; but he could obtain no more than an order for the restoration of his own little farm. He accordingly repaired to Mantua, and produced his warrant to Arius, a captain of infantry, whom he found in possession of his house. The brutal veteran, equally unmoved by the justice of the claim and the commands of his superiors, refused to comply. Instead of surrendering the farm, he insulted and wounded the

poet, obliging him to fly for his life, which was preserved by his swimming across the river Mincio.

Virgil was now reduced to the necessity of dragging a sick body and a dejected mind, during a long journey of three hundred and twenty miles, to Rome; and it is at this period that he is supposed to have composed his ninth pastoral, in which he claims the performance of the emperor's promise, and reminds him of the uncertainty of human greatness. At length, effectual orders were issued, his possessions were restored to him, and this circumstance, which at first assumed so inauspicious an appearance, proved the cause of his future fortune, and perhaps even of his future celebrity.

By some strange and unaccountable fatality, the current of this warlike age set in strongly towards poetry. The ferocious Octavius, the eloquent Cicero, the martial Cæsar, even the great Brutus himself, cultivated the Muses. It is but little wonder, therefore, that our poet, who excelled all his contemporaries in this fashionable art, should acquire the patronage and protection of the principal men of Rome. Indeed he lived in great familiarity with Pollio, Varus, and Mæcenas; and uniformly enjoyed the patronage, and repeatedly tasted the bounty, of Augustus himself. To the emperor, he in return was eminently serviceable, as he contributed not only to his

popularity, by the compliments he bestowed upon him, but also to the stability of his reign. To elucidate this position, it is only necessary to observe, that at the period when the *Georgics* were published, Italy, depopulated and uncultivated in consequence of the civil wars, which ended in the subversion of the republican government, exhibited the appearance of a desert, rather than that of a well-ordered commonwealth; and the people of Rome, who were well acquainted with the baseness of the crafty tyrant, who had subdued them rather by his arts than his arms, could scarcely be prevented from stoning him in the streets, justly attributing all their evils to his unmeasurable ambition.

Virgil was of a very swarthy complexion, which is attributed to the southern extraction of his father. His person was tall, his shoulders broad, his hair grey, even before he became old, and his constitution debilitated by sickness. His aspect and behaviour, in direct opposition to his writings, are said to have been rustick and ungraceful; and he was greatly embarrassed in consequence of a hesitation in his speech. He was modest and even bashful in his deportment; and when the people crowded around, in order to behold him, he always endeavoured to evade the prying eye of curiosity, by an immediate retreat. In his diet he was abstemious, and he drank but little wine. He was obliged, perhaps to

observe a rigorous regimen, on account of his health; for his stomach was weak, he was frequently afflicted with the head-ach, he laboured under an asthma, and he was troubled with a spitting of blood.

Our poet is represented as having been of a very amorous disposition; and he certainly described the passion of love, like one that had felt its pangs and enjoyed its ecstasies. He is thought, however, to have conquered his natural inclinations by the help of philosophy, and to have been extremely chaste, notwithstanding some very equivocal lines, which are supposed, by his admirers, to have originated in the excess of friendship and sensibility. His political principles were originally such as were worthy of a Roman citizen; but when he at length condescended to court the protection of the great, it must be confessed that his praise frequently bordered upon adulation; and that the apotheosis of Augustus, whose hands were stained with the bloody proscriptions to which they had subscribed, whose only victories were over the liberties of his country, whose very virtues are supposed to have been suggested by policy rather than inclination, and who, to sum up all, had countenanced the assassination of Cicero, to whom he was, in a great measure, indebted for his fortune, and even for his life, was a strain of flattery too gross even for that degenerate age. It is but justice, however, to remark, that his mind was not so contaminated

by a court, as to assail that patriot virtue which he had once admired. We nowhere find him gratifying the resentment of his patrons, by attacking the persons or principles of the great statesmen who had rendered the commonwealth illustrious. We indeed find two remarkable instances to the contrary, for in one memorable passage he praises the elder Brutus, who had expelled the Tarquins; and in another, he represents the younger Cato, the determined foe of Cæsar and of tyranny, as still occupied after death in the noble employment of distributing justice.

The morals of Virgil were excellent. He has not only given an eminent and distinguished place in his Elysium to good citizens, but he has steadfastly inculcated that noble maxim, long held sacred among the Romans, that the practice of no art should be allowed, which did not tend to improve the people in virtue. There is nothing in Pagan philosophy more true, more just, or more regular, than his ethics.

Nor was this all, for in private life he acted up to his public principles. Before he had made his own fortune, he displayed a wonderful instance of filial and fraternal affection, by settling his little estate upon his parents and brothers. He continued, afterwards, to send them considerable sums yearly; and at his death, he divided his whole fortune, which was very large, between duty and gratitude.

Virgil lived in great elegance at Rome, where he had a house in the pleasantest part of the city, in the immediate neighbourhood of his friend Mæcenas, who resided on the Esqueline-hill; and his library, which is said to have been extensive, was always open to men of learning and merit. He had also a villa in Sicily, to which he often retired, passing along a pleasant road, adorned on each side with the works of antiquity, the contemplation of which solaced his mind during the journey.

Lest his genius should be depressed by want, or soured by misfortune, a liberal income was settled upon him by the Emperor; so that his tranquillity was never ruffled by any care relative to his fortune. In addition to this, he received many noble donations from the Imperial family; and we find that Octavia, at one time, presented him with a sum, equal to two thousand one hundred pounds of our money, besides a large quantity of massy plate, on account of the celebrated lines in praise of Marcellus.

Resolving to dedicate the remainder of his life to the study of philosophy, after he had finished his *Æneid*, to the completion of which he assigned three whole years, our poet retired into Greece. Augustus, whom he wished to have accompanied to the East, happening to return to Athens, during his residence there, he thought himself obliged to accompany him to Italy.—At Megara, whither he had repaired, in order

to examine its antiquities, he fell into a languishing distemper, which, by neglect, at length proved mortal. In the midst of his indisposition, he gave orders to be removed, notwithstanding it was the autumnal season, being determined to end his life in his native country. The agitation of the vessel, affected him so much, that it was with difficulty he could reach Brundisium alive.

During his last illness, he frequently and with great importunity demanded his manuscripts, in order to burn the *Æneid*, not, according to some, on account of its imperfections, but because it flattered the man who had subverted the liberties of his country.

By his will he divided his property, which amounted to no less than seventy-five thousand pounds of our money, between his friends and relations; bequeathing one half to his own family, and the other half to Mæcenas, Tucca, and Varus. He also left a considerable legacy to Augustus, who condescended to act as his executor.

He wished on his death-bed that his remains might be deposited at Naples, where he had spent the most agreeable part of his life. After this, he resigned his breath, in the fifty-first year of his age, with a calmness and serenity, worthy of himself, having first composed his own epitaph, in which he exactly followed the law prescribed by his master Plato, and in direct opposition to all

modern inscriptions, it is at once short, apposite, and modest :

‘ I sung flocks, tillage, heroes ; Mantua gave
‘ Me life, Brundusium death, Naples a grave.’

The works of Virgil have stood the test of time, and after a lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, are still entitled to our admiration. His pastorals, in which Theocritus was his model, stand unrivalled for their graceful simplicity ; before his time, this species of poetry was almost unknown to the Romans. His diction is uniformly correct, and yet his stile is apparently unlaboured ; but notwithstanding this, we are assured that he employed three whole years in revising this portion of his compositions.

The Georgics, which were written with a great political view, are considered as the most perfect and finished production in the Latin tongue. The design was novel, and the end proposed at once meritorious and beneficial. It must also be allowed to have been bold, for it was no less than to re-people Italy with husbandmen, and to render the empire as flourishing under the dominion of a capricious tyrant, as it had been in the prosperous days of the commonwealth. This noble work occupied no less than seven of the most vigorous years of the poet's life ; it is to be observed, how-

ever, that the rules there laid down, are better adapted to the soil of Mantua, than the sunny climate of Naples, near which city, and in Sicily, he finished it.

At the age of forty, Virgil undertook the great work whence he derives his best claim to immortality : it is however thought to have been the subject of much earlier meditation.

It was about this time, that Cæsar, either cloyed with possession, actuated by remorse, terrified by the example of his predecessor, or, what is still more probable, wishing to affect the character of moderation with the people, is reported to have deliberated whether he should retain the sovereignty, or restore the commonwealth. The honest Agrippa, boldly advised him to relinquish the power he had usurped; the crafty Mæcenas, who was well acquainted with the consummate hypocrisy of Augustus, warmly opposed it. In this dilemma, the master of the Roman world, is said to have solicited the opinion of Virgil, who was thus employed to determine the greatest controversy that ever occurred; on the decision of which, the slavery or freedom of mankind was thought to depend, and in the course of which, the son-in-law and favourite of the emperor differed. It is almost needless to remark, that the opinion of the courtly poet, was such as could not be but agreeable to the emperor.

The *Æneid*, anciently known by the title of the

Imperial Poem, or Roman History, is supposed to have been undertaken at the particular request of Augustus. While the poet attempted to prove that the Julian family was lineally descended from the founder of Lavinium, he contrived to make the Trojan hero a prototype of his Imperial patron.

In the shape, form, and character of this work, the favourite of Augustus, undoubtedly took the great Greek epic poet for his pattern. The battles of the *Æneid* have a strict resemblance to those of the *Iliad*, and the voyage of the son of Anchises is evidently copied from the wanderings of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*. He employed no less than ten or eleven years in this immortal work, and unfortunately died before it had undergone a final revision.

After his decease, it was delivered by the emperor to three of his literary friends, who were ordered carefully to examine it, and correct whatever was deemed improper; but they were at the same time strictly enjoined not to make any additions; hence it arises, according to some, that so many lines in this poem still remain unfinished, particularly in the last books.

Virgil possessed perhaps the most universal genius of any man in the celebrated age in which he lived. As a poet he stands confessedly unrivalled, and he united to his attachment to the muses, much knowledge, that was not only dis-

similar, but which also seemed in some measure incompatible with his favourite pursuit.

He is allowed to have been an excellent mathematician, and to his knowledge of geometry, has been attributed the lucid arrangement of his works.

He studied the laws of his country, and is even said to have pleaded one cause, although with indifferent success, which probably arose from a hesitation in his speech.

He was perhaps the greatest antiquary of his time, and he took particular delight in that science; his knowledge of geography is evident, as he has left the best description of ancient Italy now extant; and in respect to the religion of his country, he evinces a greater knowledge of it in the course of his works than any other Roman author, Ovid alone excepted.

In addition to this, he had an exact acquaintance with rural affairs; he also understood medicine, to which profession he is said to have been designed by his parents: he was a most excellent grammarian, and he is asserted by one of his admirers, to have been so profound a naturalist, that his works contain a solution of more *phenomena* upon sound principles, than are to be found in Aristotle's physics.

The Romans were not insensible to the merits of their countryman. One hundred thousand citizens paying an equal respect to him, as to the

dictator himself, rose up on his entrance into the theatre. His picture was hung up in the most honourable place in the public libraries, he was termed, by way of eminence, 'the Plato of Poets;' and the design of destroying his works was considered as the most extravagant ever conceived even by the brutal and ferocious Caligula.

THE
FIRST PASTORAL:
OR,
TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

The Argument.

THE occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and as an instance of his gratitude composed the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus! entertain your sylvan Muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home:
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves;
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.
TIT. These blessings, friend! a deity bestow'd:
For never can I deem him less than God.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave me kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune; but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yearning, on the rocks has left her young:
The hope and promise of my failing fold.
My loss by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have seen—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,—
And the hoarse raven on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left,—presag'd—the coming
But tell me, Tityrus, what heav'nly power [blow.
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua; where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home. }
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express;
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

MEL. What great occasion call'd you hence to
Rome? [slow to come:

TIT. Freedom; which came at length, though

Nor did my search of liberty begin,
 Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
 Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
 Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
 I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain :
 Though many a victim from my folds was brought
 And many a cheese to country markets brought,
 Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your return :
 We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
 For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung ;
 But now the wonder ceases, since I see
 She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
 For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn ;
 And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What should I do? while here I was en-
 chain'd,
 No glimpse of god-like liberty remain'd ;
 Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
 To find a god so present to my prayer.
 There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
 For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
 He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
 My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man ! whose farm remains
 For you sufficient, and requites your pains,—
 Tho' rushes overspread the neighbouring plains ; }

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tho' here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold yon bordering fence of willow trees
Is fraught with flowers; the flowers are fraught
with bees:

The busy bees, with a soft murm'ring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain:—
While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural songs
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIT. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range;
The banish'd Parthian, dwell on Arar's brink;
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink;
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,

Beneath the scorching, or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;
Or, try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold:
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O must the wretched exiles, ever, mourn;
Nor, after length of rolling years, return?
Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?—

Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
 And rule the country kingdoms, once our own ?
 Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
 On these, on these, our happy fields bestow ? [flow !
 Good Heaven, what dire effects from civil discord
 Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine :
 The fruit is theirs ; the labour, only, mine.
 Farewell my pastures, my paternal stock ;
 My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock !
 No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme !
 No more, extended in the grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
 The prickly shrubs ; and after on the bare,
 Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
 No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;
 No more my song shall please the rural crew :
 Adieu, my tuneful pipe ! and all the world adieu ! }

TIT. This night, at least, with me forget your care ;
 Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare :
 The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread ;
 And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.
 For see yon sunny hill the shade extends :
 And curling smoke from cottages ascends,

THE
SECOND PASTORAL:
OR
ALEXIS.

The Argument.

THE commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen shade alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
Is this, unkind Alexis! my reward,
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid;
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;

And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
 For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats;
 While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
 Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.
 The creaking locusts with my voice conspire;
 They, fry'd with heat; and I, with fierce desire.
 How much more easy was it to sustain
 Proud Amaryllis and her haughty reign,
 The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
 Tho' he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
 Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
 Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass:
 White lilies lie, neglected, on the plain;
 While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
 My passion is thy scorn; nor wilt thou know
 What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow;
 What stores my daries and my folds contain:—
 A thousand lambs that wander on the plain;
 New milk that all the winter never fails,
 And all the summer overflows the pails.
 Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
 When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
 Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
 Upon the margin of the briny flood:
 The winds were still; and if the glass be true,
 With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
 O leave the noisy town: O come and see
 Our country cots; and live, content, with me!—
 To wound the flying deer; and from their cotes
 With me to drive a-field the browsing goats;

To pipe, and sing; and, in our country strain,
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join, with wax, unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe: Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damatas gave,
And said, ' This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
' For only thou deserv'st it after me.'
His eyes Amyntas durst not upwards lift,
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And these shall be companions of thy play:
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care!
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;
The short narcissus, and fair daffodil, [smell;
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to
And set soft hyacinths with iron blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue;—

Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bow'r, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search out planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plumb:
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amaryillis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree;
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon! ah, poor unhappy swain!
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolus yield; but, offer more.
What have I done—to name that wealthy swain,
(So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!)
The boar, amidst my crystal streams, I bring:
And southern winds to blast my flow'ry spring.
Ah, cruel creature! whom dost thou despise?
The gods, to live in woods, have left the skies.
And godlike Paris, in the Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd CEnone's love.
In cities which she built, let Pallas reign;
Towr's are for gods, but forests, for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues;
The wolf, the kid; the wanton kid, the browse:
Alexis! thou art chas'd by Corydon:
All follow several games; and each, his own.
See, from afar the fields no longer smoke;
The sweating steers unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.

Cool breezes now the raging heats remove :
Ah, cruel Heaven ! that made no cure for love !
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain :
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd ! has thy soul possess'd,
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd ?
Quench, Corydon ! thy long unanswer'd fire :
Mind what the common wants of life require :
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care :
And find an easier love, though not so fair.

THE
THIRD PASTORAL:

OR,
PALÆMON.

The Argument.

DAMÆTAS and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

Ho, swain! what shepherd owns those ragged
sheep? [keep.

DAM. Ægon's they are; he gave them me to

MEN. Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain! }

While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain, }

And fears that I the damsel shall obtain; }

Thou, varlet! dost thy master's gains devour;

Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;

Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams ;
And of their mother's dugs, the starving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at least to
men :

We know who did your business, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you plaid your prize ;
And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes :
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there
your safety lies. }

MEN. Yes, when I crop the hedges of the leys ;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays.

DAM. Or, rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts, you broke ;
(When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right ;)
And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite.

MEN. What nonsense would the fool, thy
master, prate,

When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate !
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not ?

When you lay snug, to snap young Damon's goat ?
His mongrel bark'd ; I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, 'There, there he goes ; stop, stop
the thief !'

Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DEM. An honest man may freely take his own ;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made ; he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask, if he the debt denies. }
I think he dare not ; if he does, he lyes. }

MEN. Thou! sing with him, thou booby?—

Never pipe

Was so prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:—
Dunce at the best! in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day:
And twice, besides, her biestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MEN. That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well, I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common stock?
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a-day the milky dams;
At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But, since you will be mad; and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay;
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The lids are ivy; grapes, in clusters, lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear;
Conon, and—what's his name who made the }
And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year, [sphere, }

Instructed in his trade the lab'ring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain. [home;

DAM. And I have two, to match your pair at
The wood, the same; from the same hand they
come ;

The kimbo handles seem with bears-foot carv'd ;
And never yet to table have been serv'd ;
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove :
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MEN. No more delays, vain boaster ! but begin :
I prophesy before-hand, I shall win.

Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme :
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAM. Rhymers ! come on ; and do the worst you
I fear not you, nor yet a better man. [can ;
With silence, neighbour, and attention wait :
For 'tis a business of a high debate.

PAL. Sing then : the shade affords a proper place :
The trees are cloth'd with leaves ; the fields with
grass ;

The blossoms blow ; the birds on bushes sing ;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damætus shall belong,
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song ;
Each, in his turn, your tuneful numbers bring ;
By turns, the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My muse begins ; for all is full of Jove ;

To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MEN. Me Phoebus loves; for he my Muse in-
spires;

And in her songs, the warmth he gave requires.
For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hy'cints and my bays I keep.

DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies;
Then, tripping to the woods, the wanton hies;
And wishes to be seen before she flies.

MEN. But fair Amyntas comes, unask'd, to me,
And offers love; and sits upon my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.

DAM. To the dear mistress of my love-sick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd;
I saw two stock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest, and her's shall be the young.

MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground:
I sent Amyntas all my present store;
And will, to-morrow, send as many more.

DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms:
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds! on your wings to heav'n her accents
bear!

Such words as heav'n alone is fit to hear.

MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight!
To call you mine, when absent from my sight?
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.

DAM. I keep my birth-day : send my Phyllis
At shearing-time, Iolas ! you may come. [home

MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than you : }
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue : }
“ Adieu, my dear ! ” she said, “ A long adieu ! ” }

DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold ;
Storms, to the wheat ; to buds, the bitter cold :
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

MEN. The kids with pleasure browse the bushy
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain ; [plain :
To teeming ewes, the sallow's tender tree ;
But, more than all the world, my love, to me.

DAM. Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read :
A heifer, Muses ! for your patron breed.

MEN. My Pollio writes himself :—a bull be bred
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse ad-
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires. [mires,
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill ;
And, showers of honey from his oaks distil.

MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius !) damn'd to love thy works and thee :
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke ; and, shear the swine.

DAM. Ye boys, who pluck the flowers, and spoil the
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting. [spring !

MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly
sheep,
The ground is false ; the running streams are deep :

See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighb'ring rock.

DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and sling your
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook. [hook;

MEN. To fold, my flock ! When milk is dry'd with
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat. [heat,

DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture
come !

But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.

MEN. My flocks are free from love ; yet look so
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin. [thin,
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams ?
And what ill eyes, beheld the tender lambs ?

DAM. Say, where the round of heav'n, which
all contains,

To three short ells on earth our sight restrains :
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains. }

MEN. Nay, tell me first, in what new region springs
A flow'r that bears inscribed the names of kings ;
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self ; for Phyllis shall be thine.

PAL. So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won or both deserv'd, the prize.
Rest, equal, happy, both ; and all who prove
The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain :
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain,

THE
FOURTH PASTORAL:

OR,
POLLIO.

The Argument.

THE Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse ! begin a loftier strain !
Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all ; Sicilian muse ! prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care,
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course ; Saturnian times
Roll round again ; and mighty years begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base, degen'rate iron-offspring ends ;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.

O chaste Lucina ! speed the mother's pains ;
 And haste the glorious birth ! thy own Apollo reigns !
 The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
 Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace ;
 Majestic months, set-out, with him, to their ap-
 pointed race. }

The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
 And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The son shall lead the life of gods ; and, be
 By gods and heroes seen ; and gods and heroes, see.
 The jarring nations he, in peace, shall bind ;
 And, with paternal virtues, rule mankind.
 Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
 And fragrant herbs, (the promises of spring,)
 As her first off'rings to her infan : king. }
 The goats, with strutting dugs, shall homeward speed ;
 And lowing herds, secure from lions, feed.
 His cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd ;
 The serpent's brood shall die ; the sacred ground
 Shall weeds and pois'nous plants refuse to bear ;
 Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
 But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
 And form it to hereditary praise,
 Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn ;
 And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn ;
 The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
 And, through the matted grass, the liquid gold shall
 Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain : [creep.
 The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain

Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
 And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground;
 Another Tiphys shall new seas explore;
 Another Argo, land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore.
 Another Helen other wars create,
 And great Achilles, urge the Trojan fate.
 But when to ripen'd *manhood* he shall grow,
 The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
 No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
 For every soil shall every product bear,
 The lab'ring hind his oxen shall disjoin; [the vine; }
 No plough shall hurt the glebe; no pruning-hook, }
 Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
 But the luxurious father of the fold,
 With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
 Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
 And, under Tyrian robes, the lamb shall bleat.
 The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
 Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
 Mature in years, to ready honours move,
 O of celestial seed! O foster son of Jove!
 See, lab'ring Nature calls thee to sustain
 The nodding frame of heav'n, and earth, and main;
 See, to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
 And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks ap-
 pear.

To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath prolong,
 Infusing spirits worthy such a song;
 Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
 Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;

Though each his heavenly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the
lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their God condemn.

Begin, auspicious boy ! to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single
Thy mother well deserves that short delight, [out:
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail
to requite.

Then smile:—The frowning infant's doom is read;
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the
bed.

THE
FIFTH PASTORAL :
OR,
DAPHNIS.

The Argument.

MOPSUS and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song begin one, by consent, to the memory of Daphnis; who is supposed, by the best critics, to represent Julius Cæsar.—Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue consisting of an elegy, and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPS. Whether please you that sylvan scene to
take,

Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make?
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MEN. Your merit and your years command the
Amyntas, only, rivals you in voice. [choice :

MOPS. What will not that presuming shepherd
dare ;

Who thinks his voice with Phœbus' may compare?

MEN. Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays;
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin; and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPS. Or, shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ—
I writ, and sung betwixt? Now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MEN. Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPS. No more; but sit and hear the promis'd
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day: [lay,
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis; and lament his cruel fate.

The trees and floods were witness to their tears :
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.

The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.

She sigh'd, she sobb'd; and, furious with despair, }
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair;
Accusing all the gods, and every star.

The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.

The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
 From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
 The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
 They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;
 The Libyan lions hear, and, hearing, roar. }
 Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
 And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear;
 Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain;
 And holy revels for his reeling train.
 As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
 So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
 The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
 When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
 Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
 Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain:
 No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
 But oats and darnel choke the rising corn,
 And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
 Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
 Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the
 plain;

Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
 With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
 And softly let the running waters glide:
 A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
 With this inscription to record his praise:
 ' Daphnis, the field's delight, the shepherd's love,
 ' Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above;

' Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
' But less than he himself surpass'd the swains !'

MEN. O heavenly poet ! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest :
As to the feverish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.

In singing, as in piping, you excel ;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man ! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.

Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine ; [mine. }
For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was }

MOPS. How is my soul with such a promise rais'd !
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MEN. Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wonder-
dering eyes,
Views, in the milky way, the starry skies.
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound ;
The purple spring arrays the various ground ; }
The nymphs and shepherds dance ; and Pan him- }
self is crown'd.

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils ;

For Daphnis reigns above ; and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice ;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

Assenting nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine ;
Behold ! four hallow'd altars we design ;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise ;
On both is offer'd annual sacrifice.

The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk, and two of oil shall bear ;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will
cheer. }

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine ; [thine.
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar }

In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire ; by summer in the shade.

Damætas shall perform the rites divine :
And Lictian /Egon in the song shall join.

Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance,
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.

When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey,
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods—

While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew—
Thy grateful swains these honors shall renew.

THE
SIXTH PASTORAL :

OR,
SILENUS.

The Argument.

TWO young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in nature since her birth. This Pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syron the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains;
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan
plains.

But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles sung,

Apollo check'd my pride : and bade me feed
My fattening flocks ; nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus ! and thy wars,
My Pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings ;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see
In every grove, and every vocal tree ;
And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee.
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of every page be shown :
For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.
Proceed, my Muse !—Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
Dropt with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode ;
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands :
For, by the fraudulent god deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good—
The fairest Naïs of the neighb'ring flood—

And while he stares around, with stupid eyes,
 His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
 He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
 On what design the boys had bound his hands.
 'Loose me,' he cry'd, 'twas impudence to find
 A sleeping god; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
 To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
 The nymph shall be rewarded in her way.
 He rais'd his voice; and soon a numerous throng
 Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
 And sylvan Fauns, and savage beasts advanc'd,
 And nodding forests to the numbers danc'd.
 Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
 Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
 With deeper silence, or with more regard.
 He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
 How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
 Fell through the mighty void, and, in their fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
 The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding seas.
 Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
 And a new sun to the new world arose:
 And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
 And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
 The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
 The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
 Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopled place.
 From thence the birth of man the song pursu'd,
 And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.

The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
 Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage,
 The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
 With whose repeated name the shores resound,
 Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:
 Happy for her if herds had never been.
 What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast?
 The maids of Argos (though, with rage possess'd,
 Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
 Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy preposterous love.
 Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
 Though lab'ring yokes on their own necks they
 fear'd,
 And felt for budding horns on their smooth
 foreheads rear'd,

Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood;
 While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
 Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves;
 And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
 ' Ye nymphs! with toils his forest walk surround,
 ' And trace his wand'ring footsteps on the ground,
 ' But, ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
 ' And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
 ' We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
 ' While they at home sustain his happy load.'

He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
 With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd:
 The sisters mourning for the brother's loss;
 Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss.

How each a rising alder now appears :
 And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears :
 Then sung, how Gallus by a Muse's hand
 Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand :
 The senate rising to salute their guest ;
 And Linus thus their gratitude express'd :
 ' Receive this present, by the Muses made ;
 ' The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd ;
 ' With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
 ' And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.
 ' Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus ; and the wood
 ' Where once his fane of Parian marble stood :
 ' On this his ancient oracles rehearse ;
 ' And with new numbers grace the God of verse.'
 Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate ?
 The first by love transform'd, the last by hate—
 A beauteous maid above ; but magic arts,
 With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts :
 What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
 The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
 Then ravish'd Philomel, the song express'd ;
 The crime reveal'd ; the sisters, cruel feast :
 And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns ;
 The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
 While Progne makes on chimney-tops her moan,
 And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
 Whatever songs besides, the Delphian God
 Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
 Silenus sung : the vales his voice rebound,
 And carry to the skies the sacred sound.

And now the setting sun had warn'd the swain }
To call his counted cattle from the plain : [strain ; }
Yet still th' unweary'd sire pursues the tuneful }
Till, unperceiv'd, the heavens with stars were hung ;
And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd song.

THE
SEVENTH PASTORAL:
OR,
MELIBŒUS.

The Argument.

MELIBŒUS here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains;
(Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains;)
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd; he, smiling, said,
'Dismiss your fear,' and pointed where he fed.
'And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
'Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
'Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
'At wat'ring time will seek the neighb'ring ford.

' Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
 ' And shades his happy banks with bending reeds,
 ' And see, from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
 ' How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.'

What should I do ! nor was Alcippe nigh,
 Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
 To house, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
 And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
 Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains :
 And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
 Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose :
 These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

COR. Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
 Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
 With all my Codrus, O ! inspire my breast ;
 For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
 Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
 And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality—
 The praise of artful numbers I resign,
 And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine. [crown

THYR. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet
 With ivy wreaths ; tho' surly Codrus frown.
 Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
 Then fence my brows with amulets of bays ;
 Lest his ill arts or his malicious tongue
 Should poison, or bewitch my growing song.

COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
 (The first essay of arms untry'd before)
 Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine ;
 But speed his hunting with thy power divine.

Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our
country fare,) }

For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care. }

But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla
Tast as a poplar, taper as the bole! [sweet!
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come, when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight,
As sea-weed on the shore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame! the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

COR. Ye mossy springs! inviting easy sleep, [keep,
Ye trees! whose leafy shades those mossy fountains
Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYR. With heapy fires our cheèrful hearth is
And firs for torches in the woods abound: [crown'd;
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

COR. Our woods with juniper and chesnuts
 crown'd,
 With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
 And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her
 stores around.

But, if Alexis from our mountains fly,
 Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry. [field,

THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the
 Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
 But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
 The grass revives: the woods are green again
 And Jove descends in show'rs of kindly rain

COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
 The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
 The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
 The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
 With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
 And, while she loves that common wreath to wear
 Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall
 compare.

THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
 In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:
 But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
 And often visit our forsaken plains,
 To him the towering ash shall yield in woods;
 In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
 When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
 Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains:
 Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE
EIGHTH PASTORAL:

OR,
PHARMACEUTRIA.

The Argument.

THIS Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some Enchantress, who endeavored, by her spells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains;
To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood;
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood;
The hungry herd their needful food refuse.—
Of two despairing swains, I sing the mournful Muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea, thy presence boast:

Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
 To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
 In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
 Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labor'd verse;
 The world another Sophocles in thee,
 Another Homer should behold in me.
 Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine;
 Thine was my earliest Muse : my latest shall be thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night with-
 drew ;

Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
 When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
 And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
 Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel
 maid :

“ Star of the morning; why dost thou delay?
 Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day!
 While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore—
 Witness, ye Powers, by whom she falsely swore!
 The gods, alas ! are witnesses in vain:
 Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain;
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
 strain.

“ The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
 Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
 They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
 Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain,
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
 strain.

" Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair :
 When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair!
 Now griffons join with mares ; another age
 Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,
 Promiscuous at the spring: prepare the lights,
 O Mopsus ! and perform the bridal rites.
 Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
 Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
 For thee the sun declines : O happy swain !
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

" O, Nisa ! justly to thy choice condemn'd !
 Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou condemn'd;
 For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
 Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
 Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain :
 While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain. }
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian }
 strain.

" I view'd thee first, (how fatal was the view !) }
 And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew, }
 High on the planted hedge, and wet with morn- }
 ing dew. }
 Then scarce the bending branches I could win,
 The callow down began to clothe my chin;
 I saw; I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain.
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

" I know thee, Love ! in deserts thou wert bred;
 And at the dugs of savage tigers fed:

Alien of birth, usurper of the plains! {strains.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian

“ Relentless love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed :
Love lent the sword ; the mother struck the blow ;
Inhuman she ; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains! {strains.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian

“ Old doting Nature ! change thy course anew :
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue :
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot :
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,
And hooting owls contend with swans in skill :
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods,
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh ! let nature cease, and chaos reign ! {strain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian

“ Let earth be sea ; and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide :
Farewell, ye secret woods and shady groves !
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves !
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main :
Take the last present of thy dying swain :
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.” }

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verse.
"Bring running water; bind those altars round
With fillets; and with vervain strow the ground:
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires. [*Charms!*
'Tis done: we want but verse.—Restore, my
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heaven
descends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins.—Restore, my *Charms!*
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colors join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred alter thrice is led:
Unequal numbers please the gods.—My *Charms!*
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Knit with three knots the fillets; knit them
straight;
Then say, 'These knots to love I consecrate.'
Haste, Amaryllis! haste!—Restore, my *Charms!*
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

“ As fire this figure hardens, made of clay ;
And this, of wax, with fire consumes away ;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn ;
Next, in the fire, the bays with brimstone burn ;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say, [away!
This, I for Daphnis burn ; thus Daphnis burn
This laurel is his fate.—Restore, my *Charms* !
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

“ As when the raging heifer, thro’ the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wandering love ;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls ;
Careless of night, unmindful to return ;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn,
While I so scorn his love !—Restore, my *Charms* !
My ling’ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

“ These garments once were his, and left to me
The pledges of his promis’d loyalty ;
Which underneath my threshold I bestow : [owe-
These pawns, O sacred earth ! to me my Daphnis
As these were his, so mine is he.—My *Charms* !
Restore their lingering lord to my-deluded arms.

“ These pois’nous plants, for magic use design’d,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)

Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train :
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts ;
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne :
Such is the strength of spells.—Restore, my *Charms* !
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

**Bear out these ashes; cast them in the brook ;
Cast backwards o'er your head ; nor turn your look :
Since neither gods, nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd
love.**

**Exert your utmost power, my lingering *Charms* !
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.**

" See ! while my last endeavors I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play !
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis !—hark !—
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heaven ! May lovers what they wish believe ;
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive !
No more—my Daphnis comes—no more, my
Charms ! [arms !"]
He comes—he runs—he leaps, to my desiring

THE
NINTH PASTORAL :
OR,
LYCIDAS AND MÆRIS.

The Argument.

WHEN Virgil, by the favor of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the Emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This Pastoral, therefore, is filled with complaints of his hard usage ; and the persons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mæris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mæris ! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MOER. O Lycidas ! at last
The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me !)
When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
Cries out, ‘ Pack up, ye rascals ! and be gone.’
Kick’d out, we set the best face on’t we cou’d ;
And these two kids, t’ appease his angry mood,
I bear, of which the Furies give him good !

LYC. Your country friends were told another
That from the sloping mountain to the vale, [tale—
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MOER. Such was the news, indeed ; but songs and
Prevail as much in these hard iron times, [rhymes
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.

And, had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak,
To shun debate—Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain [induce

LYC. Now heaven defend ! could barbarous rage
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse !
Who then should sing the nymphs ? or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse ?

Or Amaryllis praise, that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way—
' O Tityrus !—tend my herd, and see them fed ;
' To morning pastures, evening waters, led ;
' And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.'

MOER. Or what unfinish'd be to Varus read—
" Thy name, O Varus ! (if the kinder Pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan tow'rs,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighb'ring crime,)
The wings of swans, and stronger-pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above—
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove."

LYC. Sing on, sing on ; for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid :

So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend ;
 And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a member of the tuneful trade :
 At least, the shepherds seem to like my lays ;
 But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise :
 I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus', dare aspire ;
 But gabble, like a goose, amidst the swan-like choir.

MOER. 'Tis what I have been conning in my
 Nor are they verses of a vulgar kind. [mind ;
 " Come, Galatea ! come ! the seas forsake ;
 What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse
 murmurs make ?

See ! on the shore inhabits purple spring,
 Where nightingales their love-sick ditty sing ;
 See ! meads with purling streams, with flowers
 the ground, }
 The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd, }
 And creeping vines on arbors weav'd around. }
 Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous
 Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore." [roar,

Lyc. Or that sweet song I heard with such de-
 The same you sung alone one starry night : [light ;
 The tune I still retain, but not the words. [records,

MOER. " Why, Daphnis ! dost thou search in old
 To know the seasons when the stars arise ?
 See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies—
 The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
 And swell the kindly rip'ning ears of corn.

Under this influence, graft the tender shoot;
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit."
The rest I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme.
I could have once sung down a summer's sun;
But now the chime of poetry is done:
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYC. Thy faint excuses but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll silent to the shore;
Husht winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb;
Here, where the lab'rer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs; thy kids lay down:
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And, that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing-and, I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MOER. Cease to request me; let us mind our
Another song requires another day. [way:
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE
TENTH PASTORAL;
OR,
GALLUS.

The Argument.

GALLUS, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet, therefore, supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of Pastorals); where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

Thy sacred succour, Arethusa ! bring,
 To crown my labor : 'tis the last I sing.
 Which proud Lycoris may with pity view :—
 The Muse is mournful, tho' the numbers few. }
 Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
 So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
 Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.

Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows ;
 Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
 The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
 And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.

What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid, }
 Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd ; }
 To love, un pity'd by the cruel maid ?

Nor steepy Pindus could retard your course,
 Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source :
 Nothing that owns the Muses, could suspend
 Your aid to Gallus :—Gallus is their friend.

For him the lofty laurel stands in tears, [appears
 And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub
 Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan ; }
 When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone ; }
 And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping }
 stone.

The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies :
 Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise :
 Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed ;
 And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
 The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
 Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.

Wond'ring they ask'd from whence arose thy
 Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came. [flame :
 Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his
 eyes :

Is she thy care ? is she thy care ?" he cries.

' Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,
 ' And, for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,
 ' The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.'

Sylvanus came : his brows a country crown
 Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, down.

Great Pan arriv'd ; and we beheld him too,
 His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue.

" Why, Gallus ! this immoderate grief," he cry'd :

' Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd ?

" The meads are sooner drunk with morning dew,

" The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with
 browse."

Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd :

He paus'd and then these broken words return'd :

' 'Tis past ; and pity gives me no relief :

But you, Arcadian swains ! shall sing my grief :

And on your hills my last complaints renew :

So sad a song is only worthy you.

How light would lie the turf upon my breast,

If you my sufferings in your songs exprest !

Ah ! that your birth and bus'ness had been mine—

To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine !

Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,

Or any nymph, or shepherd on the plain,

(Tho' Phyllis brown, tho' black Amyntas were,

Are violets not sweet, because not fair ?

Beneath the sallows, and the shady vine,

My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine :

**VIRGIL'S
GEORGICS.**

VIRGIL. VOL. I.



Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my
 And soft Amyntas sung away my care. [hair,
 Come ! see what pleasures in our plains abound !
 The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
 As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
 Here could I live, and love, and die with only
 Now I to fighting fields am sent afar, [you.
 And strive in winter camps with toils of war ;
 : While you, (alas ! that I should find it so !)
 To shun my sight, your native soil forego, [snow. }
 And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal }
 Ye frosts and snows ! her tender body spare ;
 Those are not limbs for isicles to tear.
 For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice ;
 The Muses, once my care ; my once harmonious
 There will I sing, forsaken and alone : [voice.
 The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
 The rind of every plant her name shall know ;
 And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
 Then on Arcadian mountains will I chace
 (Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race.
 Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
 To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
 And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
 And rush through sounding woods, and bend the
 Parthian bow ;
 As if with sports my suff'rings I could ease,
 Or by my pains the God of love appease.
 My frenzy changes, I delight no more
 On mountain tops to chace the tusky boar:

No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding
woods, adieu !

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze ;
Or Italy's indulgent heav'n forego,
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow :
Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all ; and we must yield to love."
My Muses ! here your sacred raptures end :
The verse was what I ow'd my suffering friend.
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine ;
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine—
Gallus ! for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment rise in view :
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend ;
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend,
Now let us rise : for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice, who sings beneath the shades
From juniper unwholesome dews distil, [kill.
That blast the sooty corn, the with'ring herbage }
Away, my goats ! away ; for you have brows'd }
your fill.

**VIRGIL'S
GEORGICS.**

VIRGIL. VOL. I.



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS

The Argument.

THE Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shews the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in heaven and earth that forebode them. Instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death. And shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest; when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee, 5
I sing, Mæcenâs! and I sing to thee.

Ye deities ! who fields and plains protect,
 Who rule the seasons, and the year direct ;
 Bacchus and fost'ring Ceres, pow'rs divine,
 Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine : 10
 Ye Fauns ! propitious to the rural swains,
 Ye Nymphs ! that haunt the mountains and the
 Join in my work, and to my numbers bring [plains,
 Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
 And thou ! whose trident struck the teeming earth, 15
 And made a passage for the courser's birth ;
 And thou ! for whom the Cæan shore sustains
 The milky herds, that graze the flow'ry plains ;
 And thou ! the shepherds' tutelary god,
 Leave for a while, O Pan ! thy lov'd abode : 20
 And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
 From fields and mountains to my song repair.
 Inventor, Pallas ! of the fattening oil,
 Thou founder of the plough and plough-man's toil ;
 And thou ! whose hands the shroud-like cypress }
 Come all ye gods and goddesses that wear [rear ; }
 The rural honors, and increase the year.
 You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain ;
 And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain :
 And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state 30
 Is yet the business of the gods' debate ;
 Whether in after-times to be declar'd
 The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
 Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside,
 And the round circuit of the year to guide— 35

Pow'rful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
 And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
 Or wilt thou, Cæsar! choose the wat'ry reign,
 To smoothe the surges, and correct the main?
 Then mariners in storms to thee shall pray, 40
 Ev'n utmost Thulé shall thy power obey;
 And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea. }
 The wat'ry virgins for thy bed shall strive,
 And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
 Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays, 45
 And, seated near the balance, poise the days:
 Where, in the void of heaven, a space is free,
 Betwixt the Scorpion and the maid, for thee.
 The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
 Yields half his region, and contracts his claws. 50
 Whatever part of heaven thou shalt obtain,
 (For let not hell presume of such a reign;
 Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
 Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
 Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat, 55
 Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
 And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
 Prefers the fields below to those above.)
 Be thou propitious, Cæsar! guide my course,
 And, to my bold endeavors, add thy force. 60
 Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
 Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs, [pray'rs. }
 And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our }
 While yet the spring is young, while earth un-
 Her frozen bosom to the western winds; [binds

While mountain snows dissolve against the sun, 66
 And streams, yet new, from precipices run ;
 Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
 Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
 And goad him till he groans beneath his toil, 70
 Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.

That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
 Which twice the sun, and twice the cold sustains,
 And bursts the crowded barns with more than }
 promis'd gains.

But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
 The various course of seasons must be found ;
 The weather, and the setting of the winds, 75
 The culture suiting to the several kinds

Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the genius of the soil denies. 80

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits ;
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits ;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground.
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd ;

India, black ebon, and white iv'ry bears ; 85
 And soft Idumè weeps her od'rous tears :

Thus Pontus sends her beaver-stones from far ;
 And naked Spaniards temper steel for war ;
 Epirus, for th' Elean chariot breeds

(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds. 90

This is th' original contract ; these the laws
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
 On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
 His mother's entrails on the desert world :

Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born. 95
 Then borrow part of winter for thy corn; [turn;
 And early, with thy team, the glebe in furrows }
 That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
 Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
 But, if the soil be barren, only scar 100
 The surface, and but lightly print the share,
 When cold Arcturus rises with the sun;
 Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run
 In wat'ry soils; or lest the barren sand
 Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land. 105
 Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
 And keeps a sabbath of alternate years;
 That the spent earth may gather heat again;
 And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
 At least, where vetches, pulse, and tares have stood,
 And stalks of lupines grew (a stubborn wood,) 111
 Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
 The bearded product of the golden year*.
 For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
 And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield. 115
 But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
 Make easy labor, and renew the soil.
 Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
 And load with fatt'ning dung thy fallow ground.
 Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best: 120
 And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

* A late Editor supposes, with great apparent reason, that this should be *car.*

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
 With kindled fires to burn the barren ground ;
 When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
 Is driven along, and crackles in the wind. 125
 Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
 Is warn'd with secret strength for better birth ;
 Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
 Redundant humours through the pores expire ;
 Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
 New breathings, whence new nourishment she
 takes ; 131

Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
 New knits the surface, and new strings the veins :
 Lest soaking showers should pierce her secret seat,
 Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat, 135
 Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small, the peasant makes,
 Who smooths with harrows, or who pounds with
 The crumbling clods : nor Ceres from on high [rakes
 Regards his labors with a grudging eye : 140
 Nor his, who plows across the furrow'd grounds,
 And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds ;
 For he with frequent exercise commands
 Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.

Ye swains ! invoke the Pow'rs who rule the sky,
 For a moist summer, and a winter dry : 146
 For winter draught rewards the peasant's pain,
 And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
 Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
 Of Gargarus admire their happy crops. 150

When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed :
So fenc'd from cold ; the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake ;
And call the floods from high, to rush amain 155
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then, when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on withering stems decay,
The wary ploughman on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery stores—huge torrents flow, 160
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field—
And, lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes, t'invade 165
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade,
Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain ;
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field : 170
But most in autumn and the show'ry spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring ;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain :
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er, 175
Or hollow places spue their wat'ry store.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the lab'ring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year ;
But glutton geese, and the Strynonian crane,
With foreign troops invade the tender grain : 180

And tow'ring weeds malignant shadows yield;
And spreading succ'ry chokes the rising field.
The sire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease :
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil, 185
Should exercise with pains the grudging soil.
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care :
Himself did handicrafts and arts ordain,
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign. 190
Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found :
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds :
But all was common, and the fruitful earth 195
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful flood:
Commission'd hungry wolves t'infest the fold,
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold : 200
Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire ;
That studious need might useful arts explore ;
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store,
And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire 205
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam ;
Then sailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering star,—
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the northern Car. 210

Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found,
 And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest walks surround :
 And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
 Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
 Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made ;
 (For wedges first did yielding wood invade ;) 216
 And various arts in order did succeed :

{What cannot endless labor, urg'd by need?}

First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
 And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough; 220
 When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
 Their mast, and trees their forest-fruit deny'd.
 Soon was his labor doubled to the swain,
 And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
 Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
 And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne. 226
 Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
 Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
 And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
 And shoots its head above the shining ears: 230
 So that, unless the land with daily care
 Is exercis'd, and, with an iron war
 Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd,
 And birds with clamours frighted from the field—
 Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
 And Heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain—
 On *other** crops you may with envy look, 237
 And shake for food the long abandon'd oak.

* Rather *others*', agreeably to the Latin.

Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
 Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field; 240
 Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
 And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise—
 The crooked plough, the share, the tow'ring height
 Of waggons, and the cart's unweildy weight;
 The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail, 245
 The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail—
 These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
 The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
 Young elms with early force in copses bow,
 Fit for the figure of the crooked plough. 250
 Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare;
 On either side the head, produce an ear,
 And sink a socket for the shining share }
 Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
 Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke. 255
 I could be long in precepts, but I fear
 So mean a subject might offend your ear.
 Delve of convenient depth your thrashing floor:
 With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
 And let the weighty roller run the round, 260
 To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground:
 Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
 Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.
 For sundry foes the rural realms surround—
 The field-mouse builds her garner underground. 265
 For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole,
 In winding mazes works her hidden hole.

In hollow caverns vermin make abode—
 The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad :
 The corn-devouring weazel here abides, 270
 And the wise ant her wintry store provides.

Mark well the flow'ring almonds in the wood ;
 If od'rous blooms the bearing branches load,
 The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
 Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain. 275
 But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
 Such and so barren will thy harvest be :
 In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor,
 For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
 Some steep their seed, and some in cauldrons boil,
 With vigorous nitre and with lees of oil, 281
 O'er gentle fires ; th' exuberant juice to drain,
 And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
 Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
 Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd ; 285
 Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
 Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
 Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
 Or Fate's decree, degen'rate still to worse.

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem, 290
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream :
 But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
 When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise, 295
 Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
 Thro' Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea.

But when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
 Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain, 300
 Till cold December comes with driving rain.

Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
 In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
 Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
 And millet, rising from your annual toil, 305
 When with his golden horns, in full career,
 The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
 And *Argos** and the Dog forsake the northern }
 sphere. }

But, if your care to wheat alone extend,
 Let Maia with her sisters first descend, 310
 And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend; }
 Before you trust in earth your future hope;
 Or else expect a listless lazy crop. [found
 Some swains have sown before; but most have
 A husky harvest, from the grudging ground. 315
 Vile vetches would you sow, or lintels lean,
 The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean,
 Begin when the slow waggoner descends;
 Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends,
 For this thro' twelve bright signs Apollo guides 320
 The year, and earth in several climes divides.
 Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing sun.
 Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
 To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given. 325

* *Argo* properly.

Betwixt the midst and these the gods assign'd
 Two habitable seats for human kind :
 And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
 Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
 Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
 O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies. 331
 The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl'd
 Below the regions of the nether world.
 Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And, like a winding stream, the Bears divides; 335
 The Less and Greater, who by Fate's decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea.
 There, as they say, perpetual night is found
 In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground :
 Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere, 340
 She lights the downward heaven, and rises there ;
 And when on us she breathes the living light,
 Red vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
 From hence uncertain seasons we may know ;
 And when to reap the grain, and when to sow; 345
 Or when to fell the furzes ; when 'tis meet
 To spread the flying canvas for the fleet.
 Observe what stars arise or disappear ;
 And the four quarters of the rolling year.
 But when cold weather, and continued rain, 350
 The lab'ring husband in his house restrain,
 Let him forecast his work with timely care,
 Which else is huddled, when the skies are fair :
 Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining
 share,

Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er 355
His sacks, or measure his increasing store,
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The sallow twigs to tie the straggling vine,
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn. 360
No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the lab'ring swain:
Ev'n holy-days and feasts permission yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep 365
In wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driv'n, with toil,
To neighb'ring towns with apples and with oil;
Returning, late and loaden, home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain. 370
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labor choose: the fifth be sure to shun;
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
With mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove; [strove
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The sev'nth is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine. 380
Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the west
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.

Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolness of the night; 386
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend, in silence, to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire: 390
He sharpens torches in the glimin'ing room;
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom,
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skins
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims:
And, till the watchful cock awakes the day, 395
She sings, to drive the tedious hours away.
Eut, in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year:
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by day. 400
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land;
For lazy winter numbs the lab'ring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends, 405
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your fathers' homely food. 410
To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil:
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare;
T' enclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare:

With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow, 415
 To persecute from far the flying doe,
 Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
 And cakes of rustling ice came rolling down the
 flood.

Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs }
 The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days; }
 And suns declining shine with feeble rays, 421 }
 What cares must then attend the toiling swain; }
 Or when the low'ring spring, with lavish rain, }
 Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain, }
 While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd 425
 With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
 Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
 Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year:
 Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
 And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands, 430
 Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
 From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
 The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne:
 With such a force the flying rack is driv'n, 435
 And such a winter wears the face of heav'n:
 And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
 The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd crop and golden labors drown. 440
 The dikes are fill'd; and, with a roaring sound, }
 The rising rivers float the nether ground; [bound. }
 And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas re- }

The father of the gods his glory shrouds ;
 Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds. 445
 And from the middle darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
 Earth feels the motions of her angry god,
 Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod ;
 And flying beasts in forests seek abode: 450 }
 Deep horror seizes every human breast ;
 Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd,
 While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
 And fires the mountains with repeated blows :
 The rocks are from their old foundations rent ; 455
 The winds redouble, and the rains augment ;
 The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
 And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
 Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins. 460
 But first to heaven thy due devotions pay,
 And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
 When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
 Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flow'rs,
 On the green turf thy careless limbs display, 465
 And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
 For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
 And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground :
 With milder beams the sun securely shines ;
 Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines. 470
 Let every swain adore her power divine,
 And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine :

Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long processions, shouting as they go ;
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores, 475
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the rip'ning wheat,
On Ceres call ; and let the lab'ring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind : 480
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.

And that by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The Sov'reign of the heav'ns has set on high 485
The moon, to mark the changes of the sky : [swain
When southern blasts shall cease, and when the
Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore : 490
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods :
Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main ;
When crying cormorants forsake the sea, 495
And, stretching to the covert, wing their way ;
When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand ;
When watchful herons leave their wat'ry stand,
And, mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight. 500
And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies ;

And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
 With sweeping glories, and long trails of light :
 And chaff with eddy-winds is whirl'd around, 505
 And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground ;
 And floating feathers on the waters play.
 But when the winged thunder takes his way
 From the cold north, and east and west engage,
 And at their frontiers meet with equal rage, 510
 The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
 The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain, }
 And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }
 Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies : 515
 The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
 Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales :
 The cow looks up, and from afar can find
 The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind :
 The swallow skins the river's wat'ry face : 520
 The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race :
 The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
 And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks :
 At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood ;
 Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food, 525 }
 And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood. }
 Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
 That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools,
 The swans that sail along the silver flood, 529
 And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
 Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
 And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.

The crow, with clam'rous cries, the show'r demands,
And single stalks along the desert sands.

The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies, 535
Foresees the storms impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputt'ring light advance,
And in the sockets, oily bubbles dance.

Then, after show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky: 540
The stars shine smarter; and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean: 545
But a blue droughty mist descends upon the plain;
And owls, that mark the setting-sun, declare
A star-light evening and a morning fair.

Tow'ring aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies. 550
Wherever frightened Scylla flies away,
Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey;
Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
This punishment pursues the unhappy maid, 555
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid:
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the sun; and, seiz'd with secret joy, 560
When storms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.

Not that I think their breasts with heav'nly souls
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls.
But with the changeful temper of the skies, 565
As rains condense, and sunshine rarifies ;
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds' harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs re-
Observe the daily circle of the sun, [joyce.
And the short year of each revolving moon : 572
By them thou shalt foresee the following day ;
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the moon appears, if then she shrouds
Her silver crescent, tipp'd with sable clouds ; 576
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or, if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow. 580
But, four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,)
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine,
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land and sea ; 585
And sailors in the port their promis'd vows shall pay.
Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the skies :
For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face ; 590
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams ;

Suspect a drisling day, with southern rain,
 Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
 Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes, 595
 And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies,
 How shall the vine, with tender leaves, defend
 Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend;
 When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce avail
 To bar the ruin of the rattling hail? 600
 But, more than all, the setting-sun survey,
 When down the steep of heaven he drives the day
 For oft we find him finishing his race,
 With various colours erring on his face;
 If fiery red his glowing globe descends, 605
 High winds and furious tempests he portends.
 But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
 He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue;
 If dusky spots are vary'd on his brow,
 And streak'd with red, a troubled color show; 610
 That sullen mixture shall at once declare
 Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
 What desperate madmen then would venture o'er
 The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
 But if with purple rays he brings the light, 615
 And a pure heaven resigns to quiet night,
 No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh;
 But northern breezes through the forest fly,
 And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky. }
 Th' unerring sun by certain signs declares, 620
 What the late ev'n, or early morn prepares:

And when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky; [away.
And who dares give the source of light the lye? 625
The change of empires often he declares.

Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.

He first the fate of Cæsar did foretel,

And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.

In iron clouds conceal'd the public light; 630

And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:

Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.

Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,

And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd. 635

What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire

From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!

What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,

Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!

Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below, 640

And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:

Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;

And voices heard, of more than mortal men,

In silent groves: dumb sheep and oxen spoke;

And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook;

The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell: }

The weeping statues did the wars foretel; 647 }

And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.

Then, rising in his might, the king of floods

Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods;



Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong con-
 found ;
 Where impious arms from every part resound,
 And monstrous crimes in every shape are crown'd.
 The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest ; 681
 The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest :
 The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
 The crooked scythes are straiten'd into swords :
 And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms, 685
 And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms ;
 The neighb'ring cities range on several sides,
 Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
 So four fierce coursers starting to the race, 690
 Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace :
 Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threat'ning cries they fear,
 But force along the trembling charioteer.



THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

The Argument.

THE subject of the following book is planting: in handling of which argument, the poet shews all the different methods of raising trees, describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best: and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy: after which, he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil, prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

Thus far of tillage, and of heavenly signs:
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of gen'rous vines;
The shady groves; the woodland progeny;
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my song repair; 5
For clust'ring grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine.

To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows. 10
Come, strip with me, my god! come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
For some, without the pains of planting, grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound, 15
Sprung from the wat'ry genius of the ground.
From the same principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some, from seeds enclos'd in earth, arise;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies. 20
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke:

Some from the root a rising wood disclose:
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows, 25
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.

These ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found: 29
Some cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mold;
Some, cloven stakes; and (wond'rous to behold!)
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place;
And the dry poles produce a living race. 34
Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require; the lab'rer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.

Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
 Revive; and oft redeem their wither'd head. 40
 'Tis usual now an inmate graft to see
 With insolence invade a foreign tree :
 Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come ;
 And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

Then let the learned gard'ner mark with care 45
 The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear,
 Explore the nature of each sev'ral tree ;
 And known, improve with artful industry ;
 And let no spot of idle earth be found,
 But cultivate the genius of the ground. 50
 For open Ismarus will Bacchus please ;
 Taburnus loves the shade of olive-trees.

The virtues of the sev'ral soils I sing.—
 Mæcenias, now thy needful succour bring !
 O thou ! the better part of my renown, 55
 Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown :
 Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
 With flying sails and breezes from the shore :
 Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
 So large a subject fully can embrace ; 60
 Not though I were supply'd with iron lungs,
 A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues :
 But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
 And coast along the shore in sight of land.
 Nor will I tire thy patience with a train 65
 Of preface, or what ancient poets feign,
 The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
 Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair :

Because the vigor of the native earth
 Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth. 70
 Yet these, receiving graffs of other kind,
 Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind;
 Their wildness lose, and, quitting Nature's part,
 Obey the rules and discipline of art.
 The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots,
 In open fields, transplanted bear their fruits. 75
 For, where they grow, the native energy
 Turns all into the substance of the tree,
 Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
 For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade. 80
 The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree
 At leisure grows, for late posterity ;
 The gen'rous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
 And savage grapes are made the birds' ignoble prey.
 Much labor is requir'd in trees, to tame 85
 Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
 Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
 New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
 Old stakes of olive-trees, in plants, revive;
 By the same method Paphian myrtles live: 90
 But nobler vines, by propagation, thrive. }
 From roots, hard hazles ; and from cyons, rise
 Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies,
 Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
 Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep. 95
 The thin-leav'd arbut, hazle-graffs receives ;
 And plains huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.

Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
 And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
 And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed 100
 With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.

But various are the ways to change the state
 Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
 For, where the tender rinds of trees disclose
 Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows :
 Just in that space a narrow slit we make, 106
 Then other buds from bearing trees we take ;
 Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
 In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
 But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
 We make a deep incision in the tree, 111
 And in the solid wood the slip enclose,
 The batt'ning bastard shoots again and grows ;
 And in short space the ladder boughs arise,
 With happy fruit advancing to the skies. 115
 The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
 Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Of vegetable woods are various kinds ;
 And the same species are of several minds.
 Lots, willows, elms, have diff'rent forms allow'd ;
 So sun'ral cypress rising like a shrowd. 121
 Fat olive-trees of sundry sorts appear,
 Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.
 Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
 And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice. 125
 Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears :
 Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.

Not our Italian vines produce the shape,
 Or taste, or flavor, of the Lesbian grape.
 The Thasian vines in richer soils abound ; 130
 The Meroëtiq grow in barren ground.
 The Pythian grape we dry : Læzæan juice [duce.
 Will stammering tongues and stagg'ring feet pro-
 Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind,
 Of golden some, and some of purple rind. 135
 How shall I praise the Rætnean grape divine,
 Which yet contends not with Falernian wine !
 Th' Aminean many a consulship survives,
 And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
 Or high Phanzæus, king of Chian growth : 140
 But, for large quantities and lasting, both
 The less Argitis bears the prize away.
 The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,
 In second services is pour'd to Jove ;
 And best accepted by the gods above. 145
 Nor must Bumastus his old honors lose,
 In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
 I pass the rest, whose every race, and name,
 And kinds, are less material to my theme ;
 Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands,
 Driv'n by the western wind on Lybian lands ; 151
 Or number, when the blust'ring Eurus roars,
 The billows beating on Ionian shores.
 Nor ev'ry plant on every soil will grow :
 The sallow loves the wat'ry ground, and low ; 155
 The marshes, alders ; Nature seems t' ordain
 The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign ;

The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.

Regard th' extremest cultivated coast, 160
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost :

All sorts of trees their several countries know, }
Black ebon only will in India grow :

And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan bough. }
Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs, in Idumæan plains. 166

The green Egyptian thorn, for med'cine good,
With Ethiop's hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell ; and how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine ; 170

What mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bow, and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vast vigor drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce ; 175
(Bitter the rind, but gen'rous is the juice ;)

A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught ;
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure. 180

Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a different scent disclose,
A laurel were : the fragrant flowers contemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this, the Mædes to lab'ring age bequeath 185
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.

But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land,)
 Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
 Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
 Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields, 190
 Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
 Can with sweet Italy contend in fame. }
 No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame }
 Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
 Were sown, an armed host, an iron crop to bear.
 But fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight, 196
 And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
 Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green,
 The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
 The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train: 200
 There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain;
 Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
 The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare,
 Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
 Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees; }
 And summer suns recede by slow degrees. 206 }

Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
 Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
 Nor pois'nous aconite is here produc'd,
 Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd;
 Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide, 211
 Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
 Their costly labor, and stupendous frame:
 Our forts on steepy hills, that far below 215
 See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.

Our two-fold seas, that, washing either side,
 A rich recruit of foreign stores provide ;
 Our spacious lakes ; thee, Larius ! first ; and next
 Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex. 220
 Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
 Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake ?
 Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the structure, and invades the fence,
 There, where secure the Julian waters glide, 225
 Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide ?
 Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of old
 For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
 Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace ;
 Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race, 230
 Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd ;
 And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind ;
 And Volscians, arm'd with iron-headed darts ;
 Besides—an offspring of undaunted hearts—
 The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came 235
 From hence, and greater Scipio's double name ;
 And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
 To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
 Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
 Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home. 240
 Hail, sweet Saturnian soil ! of fruitful grain
 Great Parent, greater of illustrious men !
 For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
 And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days,
 Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring, 245
 And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.

The nature of *their** sev'ral soils now see,
 Their strength, their color, their fertility:
 And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
 Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound; 250
 Where the poor soil all succour seems to want—
 Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.
 Undoubted signs of such a soil are found;
 For here wild olive shoots o'erspread the ground, }
 And heaps of berries strew the fields around. 255 }
 But, where the soil, with fatt'ning moisture fill'd,
 Is cloath'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd,
 Such as in cheerful vales we view from high,
 Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
 And feed with ooze; where rising hillocks run 260
 In length, and open to the southern sun;
 Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough—
 That gentle ground to generous grapes allow.
 Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
 And overflow the vats with friendly juice; 265
 Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
 To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour,
 Then when the bloated Thuscan blows his horn,
 And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
 If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care, 270
 Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
 Then seek Tarentum's lawns, and farthest coast,
 Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost,
 Where silver swans sail down the wat'ry road,
 And graze the floating herbage of the flood. 275

* *The, properly.*

There crystal streams perpetual tenor keep,
 Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep ;
 For what the day devours, the nightly dew
 Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
 Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough, 280
 Patrid and loose above, and black below ;
 For ploughing is an imitative toil,
 Resembling nature, in an easy soil.
 No land for seed like this ; no fields afford
 So large an income to the village lord : 285
 No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
 So late at night, so heavy laden home.
 The like of forest land is understood, [wood,
 From whence the surly ploughman grubs the }
 Which had for length of ages idle stood. 290 }
 Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat, [forget,
 And, flying from their nests, their callow young
 The coarse lean gravel on the mountain sides,
 Scarce dewy bevrage for the bees provides : 294
 Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
 That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
 The soil exhaling clouds of subtle dews,
 Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews :
 Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
 Well cloath'd with cheerful grass, and ever green,
 Is good for olives, and aspiring vines, 301
 Embracing husband elms, in amorous twines ;
 Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
 And equal to the pasture and the plough.

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields ; 305
 Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius
 And such a country could Aceræ boast, [yields ;
 Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast.
 I teach thee next the differing soils to know ;
 The light for vines, the heavier for the plough. 310
 Choose first a place for such a purpose fit,
 There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit ;
 Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
 And trample with thy feet, and tread it in ;
 Then, if it rise not to the former height 315
 Of superface, conclude that soil is light ;
 A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
 But if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines,
 Within its native mansion to retire,
 And stays without, a heap of heavy mire ; 320
 'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
 Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.

Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
 Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough. 324
 Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
 From their first flav'rous taste, renounce their
 This truth by sure experiment is try'd ; [kind
 For first an osier colander provide [twine,
 Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants
 When through strait passages they strain their
 In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd, [wine ;)
 But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first : 332
 Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
 And by the bitter taste disclose the ground,

The fatter earth by handling we may find, 335
 With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind :
 Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich
 Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch :
 Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
 Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth, 340
 Let not my land so large a promise boast,
 Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
 The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
 The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd :
 'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight, 345
 The color of the soil, and black from white.
 But the cold ground is difficult to know,
 Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will shew, }
 Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yew.
 These rules consider'd well, with early care 350
 The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare :
 But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
 With furrows deep that cast a rising mound :
 The clods, expos'd to wintry winds, will bake ;
 For putrid earth will best in vineyards take, 355
 And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
 Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.
 Some peasants, not t' omit the nicest care,
 Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
 With that of their plantation ; lest the tree 360
 Translated, should not with the soil agree.
 Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
 The heaven's four quarters on the tender bark ;

And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide: 365
So strong is custom, such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.

Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice, 370
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there. But if the vine
On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side: 375
But marshall'd all in order as they stand,
And let no soldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with sober pace, 380
Strict to their figure, tho' in wider space;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword; 385
So let thy vines in intervals be set,
But not their rural discipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:
Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight, 390
And make a pleasing prospect for the sight:

But for the ground itself, this only way
Can equal vigor to the plants convey ;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches
to display. 394 }

How deep they must be planted, would'st thou
In shallow furrows vines securely grow. {know?
Not so the rest of plants ; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground ;
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound : 400
High as his topmast boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.

Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows,
For length of ages lasts his happy reign, 405
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.

Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands ;
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills }
commands,

The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard shun ; 410
Nor plant it to receive the setting sun,
Nor break the topmast branches from the tree ;
Ner prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labor'd lands ;
For sparkling fire, from hinds' unwary hands, 415
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds :
For first the smould'ring flame the trunk receives ;
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves ;

At length victorious to the top aspires, 420
 Involving all the wood in smoky fires; [storm
 But most, when driven by winds, the flaming
 Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
 In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies;
 Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise; 425
 Nor will the wither'd stock be green again; [plain.
 But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful
 Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
 To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
 When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
 The fainty root can take no steady hold. 431
 But when the golden spring reveals the year,
 And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear,
 That season deem the best to plant thy vines:
 Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines; 435
 Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
 Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves;
 The womb of earth the genial seed receives:
 For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours 440
 Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers;
 And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
 Her birth with kindly juice, and fosters teeming
 Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove, [seeds.
 And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love. 445
 Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
 And, while the balmy western spirit blows,
 Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose. }

With kindly moisture then the plants abound;
 The grass securely springs above the ground; 450
 The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
 And on the faith of the new sun relies.
 The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail
 Unhurt by southern show'rs or northern hail.
 They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
 And boldly trust the buds in open air. 456
 In this soft season (let me dare to sing) {king—
 The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial }
 In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring. }
 Then did the new creation first appear; 460
 Nor other was the tenor of the year :
 When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
 And eastern winds their wint'ry breath suspend :
 Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
 And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds;
 And golden stars flew up to light the skies; 466
 And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
 Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
 Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
 But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd, 470
 The middle temper of the spring requir'd.
 When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
 And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
 For what remains, in depth of earth secure
 Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure ;
 And shells and gravel in the ground enclose : 476
 For through their hollow chinks the water flows :

Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
 And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
 Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
 A hilly heap of stones above to lay, 481
 And press the plants with shreds of potters' clay.
 This fence against immoderate rain they found:
 Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.

Be mindful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot,
 With store of earth around to feed the root ; 486
 With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
 The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
 Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
 Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row 490
 To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
 On ashlen poles to raise their forky head.
 On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
 Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
 They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
 On tops of elms at length triumphant ride. 496
 But in their tender nonage, while they spread
 Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
 And upward while they shoot in open air,
 Indulge their childhood, and the nurslings spare;
 Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life : 501
 But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife.
 And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
 To strip the branches of their leafy growth.
 But when the rooted vines, with steady hold, 505
 Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen ! be bold

To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
 The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous growth with rigor tame. 510
 Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
 Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
 While yet the tender germs but just appear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
 Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey, 515
 But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;
 And, worse than both, become th' unworthy
 Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows. {browse,
 For not December's frost that burns the boughs, }
 Nor Dog-days' parching heat that splits the rocks, }
 Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks, {stocks. }
 Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the }
 For this the malefactor goat was laid
 On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
 At Athens thus old comedy began, 525
 When round the streets the reeling actors ran,
 In country villages, and crossing ways,
 Contending for the prizes of their plays;
 And, glad with *Bacchus**, on the grassy soil,
 Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
 Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy, 531
 In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy: [please,
 With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience
 Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:

* *Bacchus* put for wine.

In jolly hymns they praise the God of wine, 535 }
 Whose earthen images adorn the pine; }
 And there are hung on high, in honor of the vine. }
 A madness so devout the vineyard fills :
 In hollow vallies and on rising hills,
 On whate'er side he turns his honest face, 540
 And dances in the wind, those fields are in his
 To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays, & grace.
 And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
 Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
 Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought ; 545
 Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
 And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
 To dress thy vines new labor is requir'd,
 Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd :
 For thrice, at least, in compass of a year, 550
 Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
 To turn the glebe ; besides thy daily pain
 To break the clods, and make the surface plain ;
 T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
 That suck the vital moisture of the vine. 555
 Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
 And the year rolls within itself again.
 Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
 From vines the hairy honors of their head,
 Not then the drudging hind his labor ends, 560
 But to the coming year his care extends.
 Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes ;
 His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts,

Be first to dig the ground : be first to burn
 The branches lopt ; and first the props return 563
 Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines ;
 But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
 Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade { vnde:
 Th' incumber'd vine ; rough brambles twice in-
 Hard labor both ! Commend the large excess 570
 Of spacious vineyards ; cultivate the less.
 Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
 Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers borne,
 Remain to cut ; for vineyards useful found 574 }
 To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground. }
 Nor* when thy tender trees at length are bound ; }
 When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are }
 free ; }
 When husbands have survey'd the last degree, }
 And utmost files of plants, and order'd every tree ; }
 Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content, 580
 Insulting o'er the toils they underwent ;
 Yet still they find a future task remain ;
 To turn the soil, and break the clods again :
 And after all, their joys are unsincere,
 While falling rains on rip'ning grapes they fear.
 Quite opposite to these are olives found, 586
 No dressing they require, and dread no wound ;
 No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
 Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
 The soil itself due nourishment supplies : 590
 Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise :

* Nay would improve the construction.

M

Content with small endeavors till they spring,
 Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
 Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing. 594 }

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
 Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air,
 Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
 Not trusting foreign forces, but their own;
 Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches
 groan. 599 }

Thus trees of nature, and each common bush,
 Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush,
 Vile shrubs are shorn for browse: the tow'ring
 Of unctuous trees are torches for the night. [height
 And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
 To sow, to set, and to reform their growth? 605
 To leave the lofty plants—the lowly kind
 Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd.
 Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
 And shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce;
 Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees, 610
 Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
 How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
 With boxen groves! with what delight are seen
 Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
 Seems for retreat of heavenly Muses made! 615
 But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
 That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
 Ev'n old Caucasian rocks with trees are spread,
 And wear green forests on their hilly head.

Tho' bending from the blast of eastern storms, 630
 Tho' shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms,
 Yet heav'n their various plants for use designs—
 For houses, cedars; and for shipping, pines;
 Cypress provides for spokes and wheels of wains;
 And all for keels of ships that scour the wat'ry
 Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves; [plains.
 The war, from stubborn myrtle, shafts receives—
 From cornels javelins; and the tougher yew,
 Receives the bending figure of a bow. 639
 Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
 Smoth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade; }
 Which curious hands may carve, and steel with }
 ease invade.

Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
 And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
 Now balance, with these gifts the fummy joys 635.
 Of wine, attended with eternal noise.
 Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs train,
 Through wine they quarrell'd, and through wine
 were slain.

O happy ! if he knew his happy state,
 The swain, who, free from bus'ness and debate,
 Receives his easy food from Nature's hand, 641
 And just returns of cultivated land :
 No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
 T' admit the tides of early visitants,
 With eager eyes devouring, as they pass, 645
 The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.

No statues threaten from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests, which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold; 650
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride:
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil:
But easy quiet, a secure retreat, 655
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys: 660
Cool grots, and living lakes the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley
And shady groves that easy sleep invite, [glide;
And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound; 665
And youth, of labor patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane. 670
From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd—
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear— 675
Would you your Poet's first petition hear;

Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know ;
 The depths of heaven above, and earth below :
 Teach me the various labors of the moon,
 And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun ; 680
 Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
 And in what dark recess they shrink again ;
 What shakes the solid earth ; what cause delays
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
 But if my heavy blood restrain the flight 685 }
 Of my free soul, aspiring to the height }
 Of nature, and unclouded fields of light ; }
 My next desire is, void of care and strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life ;
 A country cottage near a crystal flood, 690
 A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
 Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
 Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
 Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
 Or in the plains of Tempè lay me down, 695
 Or lead me to some solitary place,
 And cover my retreat from human race.

Happy the man ! who, studying Nature's laws,
 Through known effects can trace the secret cause ;
 His mind possessing in a quiet state, 700
 Fearless of Fortune and resign'd to Fate.
 And happy too is he, who decks the bow'rs.
 Of sylvans, and adores the rural pow'rs ;
 Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see ;
 Their glitt'ring baits and purple slavery : 705

Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown;
 Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
 Will set up one, or pull another down. }

Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
 Of tumults, and descents, and distant war; 710
 Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.

Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
 Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the poor.
 He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
 The willing ground and laden trees afford. 716

From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw; }
 The Senate's mad decrees he never saw;
 Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law. }

Some to the seas and some to camps resort, 720
 And some with impudence invade the court:

In foreign countries others seek renown;
 With wars and taxes others waste their own,
 And houses burn, and household gods deface,
 To drink in bowls which glitt'ring gems enchase;
 To loll on couches, rich with Cytron steds, 726
 And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds.

This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
 Hor'ring and brooding on his bury'd store,
 Some patriot fools to pop'lar praise aspire, 730

Of public speeches, which worse fools admire,
 While from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
 Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
 Some thro' ambition, or thro' thirst of gold,
 Have slain their brothers, or their country sold;

And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run 736
To lands that lie beneath another sun.

The peasant innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills ; }
And the round year with daily labour fills : 740 }
And hence the country-markets are supply'd :
Enough remains for household charge beside ;
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labors, till the yellow field 745
A full return of bearded harvest yield ;
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
Thus ev'ry sev'ral season is employ'd ; [abroad—
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd. 750
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year ;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear ;
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.
The winter comes ; and then the falling mast 755
For greedy swine provides a full repast :
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost—
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss ;
His little children, climbing for a kiss, 760
Welcome their father's late return at night ;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine, with swelling udders, ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.

His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd, 765
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard :

Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays ;
And on the green his careless limbs displays. }

The hearth is in the midst ; the herdsmen round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets
crown'd. 771

He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize :
The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes : }

Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil. 776

Such was the life the frugal Sabines led :
So Remus and his brother god were bred,
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely fathers chose. 780

Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth,)
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.

Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies, 785
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice ;

While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword ;
Ere hollow drums were beat ; before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death, 790

The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age.

But, over-labor'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
GEORGICS.

The Argument.

THIS Book begins with the invocation of some rural Deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book, he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps,

THY fields, propitious Pales! I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd! the Lycæan woods,
Arcadia's flow'ry plains, and pleasing floods.

All other themes that careless minds invite, 5
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eurestheus, every reader sees;

Hylas the boy; Latona's erring isle;
 And Pelops' ivory shoulder, and his toil 10
 For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
 Of Grecian tales, by poets are exprest:
 New ways I must attempt, my grov'ling name
 To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

I first of Romans, shall in triumph come 15
 From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies
 With foreign spoils adorn my native place, [home:
 And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
 Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
 Where the slow Mincius thro' the valley strays; 20
 Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink;
 And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
 Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand;
 Hold the chief honours, and the dome command.
 Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown, 25
 (Submitting to his godhead my renown,)
 A hundred coursers from the goal will drive;
 The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
 All Greece shall flock from far my games to see; }
 The whorlbat and the rapid race shall be 30 }
 Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me. }
 Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear; }
 Ev'n now methinks, the public shouts I hear; }
 The passing pageants and the pomps appear. }
 I, to the temple will conduct the crew; 35
 The sacrifice and sacrificers view;
 From thence return, attended with my train,
 Where the proud theatres disclose the scene,

Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
 And shew the triumph which their shame displays.
 High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold, 41
 The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold ;
 The Nile shall flow beneath ; and on the side
 His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride.
 Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn, 45 }
 And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn ; }
 And Asian cities in our triumph borne. }
 With backward bows the Parthians shall be there ;
 And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
 A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows, 50
 Two diff'rent trophies, from two diff'rent foes :
 Europe with Afric in his fame shall join ;
 But neither shore his conquest * shall confine.
 The Parian marble there shall seem to move,
 In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove, 55
 Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
 Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
 Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ :
 And he—the god, who built the walls of Troy.
 Envy herself, at last, grown pale and dumb, 60
 (By Cæsar combated and overcome,)
 Shall give her hand, and fear the curling snakes
 Of lashing furies and the burning lakes ;
 The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel ;
 And Sisyphus that labors up the hill 65 }
 The rolling rock in vain ; and curst Ixion's wheel. }

* Conquests.

Mean time we must pursue the Sylvan lands ;
 (Th'abode of nymphs) untouch'd by former hands ;
 For such, Mæcenas ! are thy hard commands. }
 Without thee, nothing lofty can I sing ; 70
 Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring,
 With which inspir'd I brook no dull delay ;
 Cytheron loudly calls me to my way ; [prey. }
 Thy hounds, Tayg'tus ! open, and pursue their }
 High Epidaurus urges on my speed, 75
 Fam'd for his hills and for his horses' breed ;
 From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound ;
 For Echo hunts along and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse
 In Cæsar's wars a nobler theme shall chuse ; 80
 And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
 Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.

The gen'rous youth, who studious of the prize,
 The race of running coursers multiplies ;
 Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds, 85
 May know that from the dam the worth of each pro-
 The mother cow must wear a low'ring look, [ceeds.
 Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bear the yoke.
 Her double dew-lap from her chin descends,
 And at her thighs the pond'rous burden ends. 90
 Long are her sides and large ; her limbs are great ;
 Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
 Her color shining black, but fleck'd with white ;
 She tosses from the yoke ; provokes the fight :
 She rises in her gait ; is free from fears ; 95
 And in her face a bull's resemblance bears :

Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
 And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
 The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
 But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain. 100
 Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
 Unfit for love, and for the lab'ring plough.

Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
 Submit thy females to the lusty sire;
 Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail, 105 }
 Then serve their fury with the rushing male, }
 Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
 But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive!
 Discolor'd sickness, anxious labour come, 110
 And age, and death's inexorable doom.
 Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair:
 Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
 Still propagate, for still they fall away;
 'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay. 115

Like diligence require the courser's race;
 In early choice, and for a longer space:
 The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
 By sure presages shows his gen'rous kind, }
 Of able body, sound of limb and wind: 120 }
 Upright he walks on pasterns firm and straight,
 His motions easy, prancing in his gait:
 The first to lead the way; to tempt the flood;
 To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling
 Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd; [wood:
 Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd; 126

Brawny his chest, and deep, his color grey ;
 For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay ;
 Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay. }

The fiery courser, when he hears from far 130
 The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
 Pricks up his ears; and, trembling with delight,
 Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd
 On his right shoulder his thick main reclin'd, [fight:
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind : 135
 His horny hoofs are jetty black and round ;
 His chine is double ; starting with a bound,
 He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground: }
 Fire from his eyes ; clouds from his nostrils, flow ;
 He bears his rider headlong on the foe. 140

Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
 Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd ;
 Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace ;
 And such, Achilles ! was thy warlike race.
 In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain 145
 His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane,
 When, half-surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
 The letcher gallop'd from his jealous queen,
 Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain, 149
 And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighb'ring plain.

But, worn with years, when dire diseases come,
 Then hide his not ignoble age at home,
 In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains ;
 And gratefully be kind to his remains.
 For when his blood no youthful spirits move, 155
 He languishes and labours in his love ;

And, when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
 Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
 In vain he burns, like hasty stubble-fires,
 And in himself his former self requires. 160

His age and courage weigh ; nor those alone ;
 But note his father's virtues and his own :
 Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize ;
 Of loss impatient, proud of victories.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
 The youthful charioteers with heaving heart 166
 Rush to the race ; and panting, scarcely bear
 Th' extremes of feyervish hope and chilling fear ;
 Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force ?
 The flying chariot kindles in the course : 170
 And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
 As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
 No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
 Spurn'd and cast backward on the follower's eyes.
 The hindmost blows the foam upon the first ; 175
 Such is the love of praise, an honorable thirst.

Bold Ericthonius was the first, who join'd
 Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
 And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate :
 The Lapithæ, to chariots, add the state 180
 Of bits and bridles ; taught the steed to bound ;
 To run the ring, and trace the mazy round ;
 To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know ;
 T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.

To chuse a youthful steed with courage fir'd, 185
 To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd

Experienc'd masters; and in sundry ways ;
 Their labors equal, and alike their praise.
 But once again the batter'd horse beware ;
 The weak old stallion will deceive thy care, 190
 Though famous in his youth for force and speed, }
 Or was of Argos or Epirian breed, [ceed.
 Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself pro- }

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
 Approaches for the stately steed to climb, 195
 With food enable him to make his court ;
 Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport.
 Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
 Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind :
 Then water him, and (drinking what he can) 200
 Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
 Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
 And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
 For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
 He will be copied in his famish'd race, 205
 And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd ;
 (For all's too little for the craving kind.)

As for the females—with industrious care
 Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare,
 When conscious of their past delight, and keen 210
 To take the leap, and prove the sport again ;
 With scanty measure then supply their food,
 And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood ;
 Their bodies harrass, sink them when they run ;
 And fry their melting marrow in the sun : 215
 Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan,
 And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown ;

For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
 Should scant the passage, and confine the room :
 Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy 220
 Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
 But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
 And close involve the vigor of the horse.

The male has done—thy care must now proceed
 To teeming females and the promis'd breed : 225
 First let them run at large, and never know
 The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough :
 Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
 Or lumber o'er the meads or cross the wood ;
 But range the forest, by the silver side 230
 Of some cool stream, where nature shall provide
 Green grass and fatt'ning clover for their fare,
 And mossy cavern for their noon-tide lair : [air. }
 With rocks above to shield the sharp nocturnal }
 About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green, 235
 Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen :
 This flying plague (to mark its quality)
 Oestros the Grecians call ; Asylus, we : [blood,
 A fierce loud-buzzing breeze. Their stings draw
 And drive the cattle gadding through the wood. 240
 Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry ; [dry.
 Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel
 This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
 And first employ'd for Io's punishment.
 To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains 245
 In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)

To feed the females, ere the sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside ;
And for the tender progeny provide. 250
Distinguish all betimes, with branding fire ;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire.
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd ;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow ; 255
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough ;
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade ; 260
Set him betimes to school, and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry,
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break ; 265
For his soft neck a supple collar make
Of bending osiers ; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flatt'ring method on the youth pursue :
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two, 270
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel ;
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel ;
In length of time produce the lab'ring yoke
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd, 275
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd ;

Their wanton appetites not only feed,
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed ;
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land,
And minister the blade with bounteous hand : 280
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done,
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow ;
But all her udder to the calf allow.

If to the warlike steed thy studies bend, 285
Or for the prize in chariots to contend,
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labors of the courser, first, 289
Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear ; [nurs'd ;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand ;
This from his weaning let him well be taught, 295
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought,
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit,
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit.
But when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round ; with pride to prance,
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat ; 301
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him to this with easy pains, be brought,
And seem to labor, when he labors not.
Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the wind, 305
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind :

He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins,
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains:
Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth, 309
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes, the groves their honors cast:
He flies aloft, and, with impetuous roar,
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course. 316
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high;
Indulge his growth, and his guant sides supply: 320
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow;
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restive to the rein. [prove,

Wouldst thou their courage and their strength im-
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love. 326
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood,
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood; 330
Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass, 335
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.

The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head, 340
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles; and the rocks rebound.

They fence, they push, and, pushing, loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.

Nor when the war is over, is it peace; 345

Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release:

But feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.

Driv'n from his native land, to foreign grounds,

He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds; 350

His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,

And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan, [he lost.

Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own:

And therefore to repair his strength he tries; 355

Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,

And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.

On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,

Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.

His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree, 360

And meditates his absent enemy.

He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,

But when he stands collected in his might,

He roars, and promises a more successful fight.

Then to redeem his honour at a blow, 365

He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.

Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the wat'ry war,
And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore. 370
They mate the middle region with their height,
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight;
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine throw.

Thus every creature, and of every kind, 375
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same. 380
'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes, 385
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their tusks; to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the desert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand. 390
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare;
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain,
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents and unforded streams. 396

The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
 New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground,
 The sleepy leacher shuts his little eyes ;
 About his churning chops the frothy bubbles rise ;
 He rubs his sides against a tree ; prepares 401
 And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
 What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
 Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart ?
 Alone, by night, his wat'ry way he took ; 405
 About him, and above, the billows broke ;
 The sluices of the sky were open spread,
 And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head :
 The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
 And every boding omen of the main : 410
 Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
 Of weeping parents, change his fatal course :
 No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
 His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.

I pass the wars that spotted linxes make 415
 With their fierce rivals, for the females' sake :
 The howling wolves, the mastiffs' amorous rage ;
 When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
 But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
 Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair: 420
 For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
 She tears the harness, and she rends the rein ;
 For this (when Venus gave them rage and power) }
 Their masters' mangled members they devour ; }
 Of love defrauded in their longing hour. 425 }

For love they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.

When at the spring's approach their marrow burns
(For with the spring their genial warmth returns,)

The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair, 430

And with wide nostrils snuff the western air :

When (wond'rous to relate) the parent wind,

Without the stallion, propagates the kind.

Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight

Through plains, and mount the hills' unequal height ;

Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun, 436

Nor southward to the rainy regions run ;

But boring to the west, and hovering there,

With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air :

With which impregnate, from their groins they shed

A slimy juice, by false conception bred. 441

The shepherd knows it well ; and calls by name

Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame :

This, gather'd in the planetary hour,

With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of pow'r,

Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse ; 446

And mix, for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice.

But time is lost, which never will renew,

While we too far the pleasing path pursue ;

Surveying nature with too nice a view. 450 }

Let this suffice for herds : our following care

Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.

Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,

To raise my subject from a ground so low :

And the mean matter which my theme affords, 455
T' embellish with magnificence of words.

But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides :
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discoveries make. 460

Now, sacred Pales ! in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honors of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep :
Then spread with straw, the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold ; 466
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.

Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst ;
Feed them with winter-browse, and for their lair
A cote that opens to the south prepare ; 472
Where, basking in the sun-shine, they may lie,
And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's drisly reign be done, 475
Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun :

For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly sold ; but not for needful use : 480

For the salacious goat increases more,
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still-distended udders never fail,
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.

Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards, 485
And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.

Their cam'lots, warm in tents, the soldier hold ;
And shield the shiv'ring mariner from cold.

On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills the thorny bramble crop. 490

Attended with their bleating kids they come

At night unask'd, and mindful of their home ;

And scarce their swelling bags the threshold
overcome. }

So much the more thy diligence bestow

In depth of winter, to defend the snow, 495

By how much less the tender helpless kind,

For their own ills, can fit provision find.

Then minister the browse with bounteous hand ;

And open let thy stacks all winter stand.

But when the western winds with vital pow'r, 500

Call forth the tender grass, and budding flow'r ;

Then, at the last, produce in open air

Both flocks, and send them to their summer fare.

Before the sun, while Hesperus appears,

First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears 505

Of morning dews, and after break their fast

On green-sward ground (a cool and grateful taste):

But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,

And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews ;

When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain,

Then lead them to their wat'ring-troughs again

In summer's heat some bending valley find, 512

Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind

Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend; 515

Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.

Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again
When the low sun is sinking to the main;

When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews, 520
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews;

When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains;
Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains? 525

Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or through continued deserts take their way,
And, feeding, add the length of night to day: }

Whole months they wander, grazing as they go,
Nor folds, nor hospitable harbor know: 530

Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,

Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:

His house and household gods! his trade of war, 535
His bow and quiver; and his trusty cur.

Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:

Cheerly the tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe. 540

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold;

Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand ;
 Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand. 644
 Early they stall their flocks and herds ; for there
 No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear :
 The frozen earth lies buried there below
 A hilly heap, sev'n cubits deep in snow ;
 And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow. }

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face ; 550
 Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase ;
 When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
 Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
 Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd ;
 And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd, 555
 A hostry now for waggons, which before
 Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
 The brazen cauldrons with the frost are flaw'd ;
 The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd ;
 With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence 560
 By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
 From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
 Long isicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
 Mean time perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
 Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below : 565
 The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
 Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wint'ry walls
 Of snow congeal'd ; whole herds are buried there
 Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
 The dext'rous huntsman wounds not these afar, 570
 With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war

With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight ;
 But close engages in unequal fight :
 And, while they strive in vain to make their way
 Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray, 575
 Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
 And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
 The men to subterranean caves retire,
 Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire ;
 With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad. 581
 Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.
 And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer,
 Of windy cyder, and of barmy beer. 585
 Such are the cold Riphean race ; and such
 The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch,
 Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
 The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.

Is wool thy care ? Let not thy cattle go 590
 Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow ;
 Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed :
 Then of the purest white select thy breed.
 Ev'n though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
 Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold: 595
 But search his mouth ; and if a swarthy tongue
 Is underneath his humid palate hung,
 Reject him, lest he darken all the flock ;
 And substitute another from thy stock.
 'Twas thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we 600
 May trust report,) Pan, god of Arcady,

Did bribe thee, Cynthia ! nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.

If milk be thy design ; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass ; and, from the marshy land, 605
Salt herbage for the fodd'ring-rack provide,
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide :
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The savor of the salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain :
Their morning milk, the peasants press at night ;
Their evening meal before the rising light
To market bear ; or sparingly they steep 614
With seasoning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep.

Nor last, forget thy faithful dogs ; but feed
With fatt'ning whey the mastiff's gen'rous breed,
And Spartan race, who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief ;
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay 620
The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer ;
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage. 625

With smoak of burning cedar scent thy walls ;
And fume, with stinking galbanum, thy stalls ;
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race :
For often, under stalls unmov'd, they lie, 630
Obscure in shades, and shunning heav'n's broadereye :

And snakes, familiar, to the hearth succeed,
 Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed—
 Whether to roofy houses they repair,
 Or sun themselves abroad in open air, 635
 In all abodes of pestilential kind

To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind—
 Take, shepherd ! take a plant of stubborn oak,
 And labour him with many a sturdy stroke ;
 Or with hard stones, demolish from afar 640
 His haughty crest, the seat of all the war ;
 Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires ;
 'Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
 He drags his tail, and for his head provides, 644
 And in some secret cranny slowly glides ; [sides. }
 But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
 With curling crest, and with advancing head :
 Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track ;
 His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back : 650
 While springs are broken, while the southern air
 And dropping heavens the moisten'd earth repair,
 He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs ;
 He fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs.
 But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks, 655
 And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with clinks,
 He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
 And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
 With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
 He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threatens.
 Oh ! let not sleep my closing eyes invade 661

In open plains, or in the secret shade,
 When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
 Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
 And in his summer liv'ry rolls along, 665
 Erect, and brandishing his fork'd tongue,
 Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young;
 And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
 The hopes of poison, for the following year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told, 670
 Of every sickness that infects the fold.

A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
 When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick,
 Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin;
 Or burning isicles are lodg'd within; 675
 Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
 Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins;
 When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear;
 Short of their wool, and naked from the sheer.

Good shepherds, after sheering, drench their
 sheep; 680
 And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
 Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
 They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
 Or from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
 They mix a med'cine to foment their limbs, 685
 With scum that on the molten silver swims;
 Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
 Besides the waxen labor of the bees;
 And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the seas.

Receipts abound, but searching all thy store, 690
 The best is still at hand—to lance the sore,
 And cut the head; for till the core be found,
 The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground,
 While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands, }
 And, when the lancing knife requires his hands, }
 Vain help, with idle pray'rs, from heav'n demands. }
 Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
 And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
 The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
 Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein: 700
 This remedy the Scythian shepherds found;
 Th' inhabitants of Thracia's lilly ground,
 The Gelons use it, when for drink and food
 They mix their cruddled milk with horses blood.

But when thou see'st a single sheep remain 705
 In shades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;
 Or listlessly to crop the tender grass;
 Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
 Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
 Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.

On winter seas we fewer storms behold, 711
 Than foul diseases that infect the fold:
 Nor do those ills on single bodies prey,
 But oft'ner bring the nation to decay, [away. }
 And sweep the present stock and future hope }

A dire example of this truth appears; 716
 When, after such a length of rolling years,

We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
 Of scatter'd cotts, and yet unpeopled plains;
 Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherd's happy
 reigns. 720

Here, from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
 A plague did on the dumb creation rise :
 During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
 Tame cattle, and the beasts of nature slew ;
 Pois'ning the standing lakes, and pools impure : 725
 Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
 Strange death ! For when the thirsty fire had drunk
 Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk ;
 When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
 A wat'rish humor swell'd and ooz'd again ; 730
 Converting into bane the kindly juice,
 Ordain'd by nature for a better use.
 The victim ox, that was for altars prest, [drest,
 Trimm'd with white ribands, and with garlands
 Sunk of himself, without the gods' command, 735
 Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand :
 Or by the holy butcher if he fell,
 Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretel ;
 Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise ; [fice:
 But clouds of smould'ring smoke forbade the sacri-
 Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
 Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor. 742
 The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
 And render their sweet souls before the plenteous
 The fawning dog runs mad : the weasing swine [rack.
 With coughs is choak'd, and labors from the chine :

The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
 The palm renounces, and abhors the flood;
 He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
 A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears; 750
 Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs:—
 Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
 But in time's process, when his pains increase,
 He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
 With patient sobbing, and with manly moans: 755
 He heaves for breath; which from his lungs supply'd,
 And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side:
 To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds;
 And roapy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
 A drench of wine has with success been us'd; 760
 And through a horn the gen'rous juice infus'd:
 Which, timely taken, op'd his closing jaws;
 But, if too late, the patient's death did cause.
 For the too vig'rous dose too fiercely wrought,
 And added fury to the strength it brought: 765
 Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
 In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
 Ye gods! to better fate good men dispose,
 And turn that impious error on our foes.

The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow, 770
 (Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough,)
 Falls down and dies; and, dying, spews a flood
 Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
 The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
 His mournful fellow from the team disjoins: 775

With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
 And in th'unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
 The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
 Nor flow'ry meads, can ease, nor crystal floods
 Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease; 780
 His eyes are settled in a stupid peace;
 His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown,
 And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
 Now what avails his well-deserving toil,
 To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil! 785
 And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
 Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
 Nor day to night luxuriously did join;
 Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
 Simple his bev'rage, homely was his food; 790
 The wholesome herbage, and the running flood.
 No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright,
 His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.

'Twas then that buffalos, ill pair'd, were seen
 To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen, 795
 For want of oxen; and the lab'ring swain
 Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain,
 And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again. }
 He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
 With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.

The nightly wolf, that round th'enclosure prowld
 To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
 Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
 And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go: [foe. }
 And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer }

The scaly nations of the sea profound, 800
 Like shipwreck'd carcasses are driv'n aground ;
 And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
 In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
 The viper dead within her hole is found : 810
 Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
 The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
 With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed :
 To birds their native heav'ns contagious prove,
 From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.
 Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain, 816
 Or trust to physic: physic is their bane.
 The learned leaches in despair depart :
 And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
 Tisiphone, let loose from under ground, 820
 Majestically pale, now treads the round ;
 Before her drives diseases and affright,
 And every moment rises to the sight, }
 Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light. }
 The rivers and their banks, and hills around, 825
 With lowings, and with dying bleats resound.
 At length, she strikes an universal blow ;
 To death at once whole herds of cattle go :
 Sheep, oxen, horses, fall ; and, heap'd on high,
 The diff'ring species in confusion lie. 830
 Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
 To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground :
 For useless to the currier were their hides ;
 Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides

Be freed from filth ; nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the savor tame ; 836
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store [gore ;)
(Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with
Or touch the web: but if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear, 840
And flaming carbuncles and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget ;
Till the slow creeping evil eats his way, [his prey.
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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GEORGICS VOL. II.

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OF

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WITH

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And England boasts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our Isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style:
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

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THE
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The Argument.

VIRGIL has taken care to raise the subject of each Georgic. In the first, he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second, he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third, he advances to animals: and, in the last, singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic, he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kinds; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part that sings
Embattled squadrons and advent'rous kings—
A mighty pomp, though made of little things. 5 }
VIRGIL. VOL. II. D

Their arms, their hearts, their manners I disclose,
 And how they war, and whence the people rose.
 Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
 If heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find, 10
 And lodge them under covert of the wind :
 For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
 The loaded carriers from their ev'ning hive.
 Far from the cows' and goats' insulting crew,
 That trample down the flow'rs, and brush the dew,
 The painted lizard, and the birds of prey, 16
 Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
 The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
 And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood :
 These rob the trading citizens, and bear 20 }
 The trembling captives through the liquid air ; }
 And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare. }
 But near a living stream their mansion place,
 Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass :
 And plant (the winds' impetuous rage to stop) 25
 Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop ;
 That, when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
 Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm—
 When first their way through yielding air they wing,
 New to the pleasures of their native spring— 30
 The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
 For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat :
 And neighb'ring trees, with friendly shade, invite
 The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.

Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake, 35
 A passage for thy weary people make ;
 With osier floats the standing water strow ;
 Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow :
 That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
 And, resting there, their flaggy pinions dry, 40
 When, late returning home, the laden host
 By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
 Wild thyme and sav'ry set around their cell,
 Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell :
 Set rows of rosemary with flow'ring stem, 45
 And let the purple violets drink the stream.

Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
 With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees,
 Make but a narrow mouth : for as the cold
 Congeals into a lump the liquid gold ; 50
 So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
 And the sweet labors both extremes defeat,
 And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
 With dawby wax and flow'rs the chinks have lin'd ;
 And, with their stores of gather'd glue contrive 55
 To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
 Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce
 A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.

Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
 In chambers of their own, beneath the ground : 60
 Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
 And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.

But plaister thou the chinky lives with clay,
 And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,

But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
 (For two pretenders oft for empire strive,)
 The vulgar in divided factions jar;
 And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war: 95
 Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
 Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain;
 With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
 And martial clangors call them out to fight:
 With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds, 100
 That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:
 Then to their common standard they repair;
 The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
 In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
 And every knight is proud to prove his worth. 105
 Press'd for their country's honor, and their king's,
 On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings,
 And exercise their arms, and tremble with their
 wings. }
 Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride, }
 The trusty guards come up, and close the side; }
 With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd. }
 Thus, in the season of unclouded spring, 112
 To war they follow their undaunted king:
 Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
 The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight: 115
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
 And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
 Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain,
 Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.

With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign sway,
 The two contending princes make their way; 121
 Intrepid through the midst of danger go;
 Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
 With mighty souls in narrow bodies press'd,
 They challenge, and encounter breast to breast; 125
 So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or die;
 That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
 Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
 Yet all these dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
 A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay; 131 }
 And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
 When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
 Then to the lawful king restore his right.
 And let the wasteful prodigal be slain, 135
 That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
 With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
 One monarch wears an honest open face;
 Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
 His royal body shines with specks of gold, 140
 And ruddy scales; for empire he, design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
 That other looks like nature in disgrace,
 Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face: { race: }
 And like their grisly prince appear his gloomy
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train 146
 That long have travell'd through a desert plain,
 And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust
 again.

The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
 Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue ; 150
 Glitt'ring and ardent, though in body less :
 From these, at 'pointed seasons, hope to press
 Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
 Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use :
 To allay the strength and hardness of the wine, 155
 And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.

But when the swarms are eager of their play,
 And loathe their empty hives, and idly stray,
 Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
 A timely care to bring the truants back. 160
 The task is easy—but to clip the wings
 Of their high-flying arbitrary kings :
 At their command, the people swarm away ;
 Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
 Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite 165
 The wand'ring gluttons, and retard their flight.
 Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
 With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.
 With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
 For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees ;
 And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
 Till his hard'horny fingers ache with pain :
 And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
 And with refreshing waters drench the ground.

Now, did I not so near my labors end, 175
 Strike sail, and hast'ning to the harbour tend,
 My song to flow'ry gardens might extend—

To teach the vegetable arts to sing
 The Pæstan rose, and their double spring;
 How succ'ry drinks the running stream, and how
 Green beds of parsley near the river grow; 181
 How cucumbers along the surface creep,
 With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep—
 The late Narcissus, and the winding trail
 Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale: 185
 For where with stately tow'rs Tarentum stands,
 And deep Galesus soaks the yellow sands,
 I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
 Lord of few acres, and those barren too; }
 Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow: }
 Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground, 191
 Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found;
 Which, cultivated with his daily care,
 And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
 Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford, [board:
 With wholesome poppy-flow'rs to mend his homely
 For late returning home he supp'd at ease, 197 }
 And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less: }
 The little of his own, because his own, did please. }
 To quit his care, he gather'd first of all, 200
 In spring the roses; apples in the fall:
 And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
 And ice the running rivers did restrain,
 He stripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth, [sloth;
 And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of

He therefore first among the swains was found, }
 To reap the product of his labor'd ground, 207 }
 And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd }
 His limes were first in flow'rs; his lofty pines,
 With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines. 210
 For every bloom his trees in spring afford,
 An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his elms in even rows: }
 For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose: }
 And tame to plumbs, the sourness of the sloes. }
 With spreading planes he made a cool retreat, 216
 To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
 But straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
 This task; for others afterwards to take.

Describe we next the nature of the bees, 220
 Bestow'd by Jove for secret services:
 When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
 The King of heaven in Cretan caves they fed,
 Of all the race of animals, alone
 The bees have common cities of their own, 225
 And common sons, beneath one law they live,
 And with one common stock their traffic drive.
 Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall:
 All is the state's, the state provides for all.
 Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain, 230
 And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
 Some o'er the public magazines preside,
 And some are sent new forage to provide;
 These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home }
 Lay deep foundations for the labor'd comb, 235 }
 With dew, Narcissus' leaves, and clammy gum. }

To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive,
 Some nurse the future nation of the hive;
 Sweet honey some condense; some purge the grout;
 The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut. 240
 All, with united force, combine to drive
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds:
 With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
 As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod, 245
 New thunders hasten for their angry god;
 Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies;
 One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
 And draws, and blows reciprocating air;
 Others to quench the hissing mass prepare; 250
 With lifted arms they order every blow,
 And chime their sounding hammers in a row; }
 With labor'd anvils *Ætna* groans below.
 Strongly they strike; huge flakes of flames expire;
 With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
 If little things with great we may compare, 256
 Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
 Studious of honey, each in his degree,
 The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:
 That in the field; this in affairs of state, 260
 Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,
 To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
 To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
 But late at night, with weary pinions come
 The lab'ring youth, and heavy laden, home, 265

Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
 The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
 He spoils the saffron flow'rs, he sips the blues
 Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dew.
 Their toil is common, common is their sleep; 270
 They shake their wings when morn begins to peep,
 Rush through the city-gates without delay,
 Nor ends their work but with declining day:
 Then, having spent the last remains of light,
 They give their bodies due repose at night, 275
 When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
 Dismiss the sleepyswains, and toll them to their cells.
 When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
 No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep;
 'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray, 280
 When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day:
 But near the city walls their wat'ring take,
 Nor forage far, but short excursions make.

And as, when empty barks on billows float,
 With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat; 285
 So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poisoning weight
 Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.

But, what's more strange, their modest appetites,
 Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
 No lust enervates their heroic mind, 290
 Nor wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind;
 But in their mouths reside their genial pow'rs,
 They gather children from the leaves and flow'rs.
 Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat;
 And thus their little citizens create: 295
 And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.

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And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the burdens which they bear.
 Such rage of honey in their bosom beats,
 And such a zeal they have for flow'ry sweets. 300

Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
 Which in the space of seven short years is done;
 Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
 The fortune of the family remains :
 And grandsires, grandsons*, the long list contains. }

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more . 306
 With servile awe, their idol king adore :

While he survives, in concord and content
 The commons live, by no divisions rent ; [ment. }
 But the great monarch's death dissolves the govern- }
 All goes to ruin ; they themselves contrive 311
 To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.

The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys :
 The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise :
 Him they extol, they worship him alone : 315
 They crowd his levees, and support his throne :
 They raise him on their shoulders with a shout :
 And when their sovereign's quarrel calls them out,
 His foes to mortal combat they defy,
 And think it honor at his feet to die. 320

Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
 That bees have portions of othereal thought :
 Endued with particles of heav'nly fires ;
 For God the whole created mass inspires :

* A recent editor, some of whose suggestions have been adopted, would read this, *grandsires' grandsires*, to correspond with the *avivorum* of Virgil.

Thro' heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes. [fowls,
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls;
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again. 330

No room is left for death; they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.

Now, when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
And by prerogative to break their doors,
With sprinkled water first the city choke, 335
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.

Two honey-harvests fall in every year;
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted quire surveys 340

The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind, }
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find. }
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face,
And through the purple veins a passage find; 346
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And would'st preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate, 350
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards, often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth;

And lizards*, shunning light, a dark retreat
 Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat :
 Or lazy drones, without their share of pain, 356
 In winter-quarters free, devour the grain :
 Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
 And mix in battle with unequal arms :

Or secret moths are there in silence fed ; 360
 Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.

The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,
 The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind :
 With greens and flow'rs recruit their empty hives,
 And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives. 365

But, since they share with man one common fate,
 In health and sickness, and in turns of state,
 Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
 And languish with insensible decay— 369

They change their hue, with haggard eyes they stare,
 Lean are their looks, and shagg'd is their hair :
 And crowds of dead, that never must return
 To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne :
 Their friends attend the hearse, the next relations }
 mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp, 375
 Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
 Or idle in their empty hives remain,
 Benumb'd with cold, or listless of their gain.
 Soft whispers then, and broken sounds are heard,
 As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd ; 380

* The occurrence of *lizards* twice, must be an oversight. Dr. Warton has translated *biattis* by *beetles*. The Editor would therefore read *beetles* here, retaining however Dryden's epithet : *Arranging light*, as better answering to Virgil's *lucifugis*, than Dr. Warton's.

Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides ;
 Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
 This when thou seest, Galbanean odours use,
 And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
 Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood, 385
 T' invite the people to their wonted food :
 Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
 And raisins from the grapes of Psyllian vines :
 To these add pounded galls, and roses dry, [taury.
 And with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented cen-
 A flow'r there is, that grows in meadow ground,
 Amellus call'd, and easy to be found : 392
 For from one root the rising stem bestows
 A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
 The flow'r itself is glorious to behold, 395
 And shines on altars like refulgent gold :
 Sharp to the taste : by shepherds near the stream
 Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
 Boil this restoring root in gen'rous wine,
 And set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine,
 But if the lab'ring hind be wholly lost, 401
 And not to be retriev'd with care or cost ;
 'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
 Th' Arcadian master did of old impart :
 And how he stock'd his empty hives again, 405
 Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
 An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
 And upward follow Faune's immortal spring :
 For where, with seven-fold horns, mysterious Nile
 Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle, 410

And where, in pomp, the sun-burnt people ride,
 On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
 Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands, [sands:
 Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific
 That length of region, and large tract of ground,
 In this one art a sure relief have found. 416
 First, in a place by nature close, they build
 A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
 In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike,
 To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique. 420
 A steer of two years old they take, whose head
 Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
 They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
 To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
 Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
 Betray no wound on his unbroken skin. 426
 Extended thus, in this obscene abode, [strow'd
 They leave the beast; but first sweet flow'rs are
 Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyne,
 And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime. 430
 This must be done, ere spring nakes equal day,
 When western winds on curling waters play:
 Ere painted meads produce their flow'ry crops,
 Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
 The tainted blood, in this close prison pent, 436
 Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
 Then, wond'rous to behold, new creatures rise,
 A moving mast at first, and short of thighs;
 Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
 The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings: 440

And more and more affecting air, they try
 Their tender pinions, and begin to fly. {clouds,
 At length, like summer storms from spreading
 That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods—
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, 445
 When from afar they gall embattled foes—
 With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
 And such a form the winged squadrons bear.

What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
 Or by what man's experience was it brought? 450

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled—
 His bees with famine, or diseases, dead :—
 On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head. }
 And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
 Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd: 455
 " Mother Cyrene! mother, whose abode
 Is in the depth of this immortal flood :

What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
 The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high
 O! where is all thy boasted pity gone, [King?
 And promise of the skies to thy deluded son? 461
 Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
 Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.

Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful
 The needful aids of human life allow : [plough, }
 So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou. }
 Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn ; 467 }
 Root up my trees; with blights destroy my corn; }
 My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn. }

Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown, 470
 Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son."

But, from her mossy bow'r below the ground,
 His careful mother heard the plaintive sound, }
 Eucompass'd with her sea-green sisters round. }

One common work they ply'd : their distaffs full
 With carded locks of blue Milesian wool. 476

Spiq with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
 And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevell'd hair :
 Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
 And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid : 480.

Clio and Beroe, from one father both;
 Both girt with gold, and clad in party-color'd clothe
 Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud :

Nisæa lofty with Ligæa loud :
 Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad, 485 }

And Arethusa once Diann's maid,
 But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd,
 To these Clymene the sweet theft declares
 Of Mars; and Vulcan's unavailing cares :

And all the rapes of gods, and every love, 490,
 From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.

Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
 Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.

A mournful sound again the mother hears ; 494

Again a mournful sound invades the sisters' ears :
 Starting at once from their green seats, they rise,
 Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes.

But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
 First lifts above the waves her beauteous head ; }
 And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said : 500 }
 " O sister ! not with causeless fear possést,
 No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
 'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
 Who to his careless mother makes his moan :
 Near his paternal stream he sadly stands, 505
 With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands ;
 Upbraiding heav'n from whence his lineage came,
 And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name."
 Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
 Cries out, " Conduct my son, conduct him here :
 'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods, 511
 To view the secrets of our deep abodes."
 At once she wav'd her hand on either side ;
 At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
 Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand, 515
 And leave a space betwixt of empty sand.
 Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
 Which to his mother's wat'ry palace leads.
 With wond'ring eyes he views the secret store
 Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar. 520
 He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
 And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
 And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
 The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells :
 Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears, 525
 And Tiber his majestic forehead rears :

Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
 Breaks through th' opposing rocks with raging
 Where Po first issues from his dark abodes, [sound.
 And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods; 530
 Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
 And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears;
 With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.

Now, to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son 535
 Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone;
 Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
 Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
 Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
 With water drawn from their perpetual spring, 540
 From earthly dregs his body purify,
 And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
 Then load the tables with a lib'ral feast,
 And honor with full bowls their friendly guest.
 The sacred altars are involv'd in smoke, 545
 And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
 Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
 Then thus, "Let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
 To the great author of our wat'ry line. }
 To father Ocean, this; and this," (she said,) 550 }
 "Be to the nymphs his sacred sisters paid, [shade." }
 Who rule the wat'ry plains, and hold the woodland }
 She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the vestal fire;
 Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
 Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun, 555
 With words like these to cheer her drooping son:

" In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
 The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god ;
 High o'er the main in wat'ry pomp he rides,
 His azure car and finny coursers guides : 560
 Proteus his name : to his Pallanian port
 I see from far the weary god resort.
 Him, *not alone we*, river-gods, adore,
 But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
 With *sure foresight*, and with unerring doom, 565
 He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
 His scaly flocks, that graze the wat'ry deep.
 Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
 The secret cause, and cure of all thy woes. 570
 But first the wily wizard must be caught,
 For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought ;
 Nor is with pray'rs, or bribes, or flatt'ry bought. }
 Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind ;
 Then all his frauds will vanish into wind. 575
 I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
 When next the southing sun inflames the day :
 When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
 And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain ;
 Then will I lead thee to his secret seat, 580 }
 When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat, }
 The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
 His eyes with heavy slumber overcast—
 With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast.
 Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold : 585
 The slipp'ry god will try to loose his hold,

And various forms assume, to cheat thy sight;
 And with vain images of beasts affright.
 With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
 Or imitate the lion's angry roar; 590
 Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare;
 Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare;
 Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
 In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
 But thou, the more he varies forms, beware 595
 To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
 Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
 To his true shape, in which he first was seen."

This said, with nectar she her son anoints;
 Infusing vigor through his mortal joints: 600
 Down from his head the liquid odours ran;
 He breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.

Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
 A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes;
 Where heaps of billows, driv'n by wind and tide,
 In form of war, their wat'ry ranks divide; 606
 And there, 'like sentries set, without the mouth
 abide;

A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
 A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
 Secure within resides the various god, 610
 And draws a rock upon his dark abode.

Hither with silent steps, secure from sight, [light:
 The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the
 Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.

'Twas noon ; the sultry dog-star from the sky
 Scorch'd Indian swains ; the rivell'd grass was dry ;
 The sun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
 And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud :
 When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
 Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves : 620
 His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
 And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.
 Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
 Then in the shady covert seek repose.
 Himself, their herdsman, on the middle mount, 625
 Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
 So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
 Surveys his ev'ning flocks returning home,
 When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
 Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war. 630
 Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies :
 For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
 When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains
 The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
 He, not unmindful of his usual art, 635
 First in dissembled fire attempts to part :
 Then roaring beasts, and running streams he tries,
 And wearies all his miracles of lies :
 But, having shifted every form to 'scape,
 Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape ; 640
 And thus, at length, in human accent spoke :
 " Audacious youth ! what madness could provoke
 A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god ?
 What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode ?"

He first, and close behind him follow'd she; 700
 For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
 When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
 By little caution and much love betray'd :
 A fault which easy pardon might receive,
 Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive : 705
 For near the confines of ethereal light,
 And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
 Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
 Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
 Strait all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
 And his long tows were forfeit for a look. 711
 Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
 Of cov'nants broke, three peals of thunder join.
 Then thus the bride : ' What fury seiz'd on thee,
 Unhappy man ! to lose thyself and me ? 715
 Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
 An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.
 And now farewell ! involv'd in shades of night,
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
 In vain I reach my feeble hands to join 720
 In sweet embraces ; ah ! no longer thine !'
 She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
 Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air ;
 And left her hopeless lover in despair. }
 In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd 725
 To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade :
 He prays ; he raves ; all means in vain he tries,
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprize : }
 But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes. }

Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more 730
 Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
 What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
 What notes invent, what new petitions move?
 Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
 And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sate. 735
 For seven continu'd months, if fame say true,
 The wretched swain his sorrows did renew:
 By Strymon's freezing streams he sate alone:
 The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan: 740
 Trees beat their heads to hear him sing his wrongs;
 Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawn-
 ing tongues.

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
 The mother nightingale laments alone: [thence,
 Whose nest some prying churl had found, and
 By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocents. 745
 But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
 And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
 Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
 Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone 750
 Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;
 He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
 And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons—who the youth accus'd
 Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd—755
 With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
 At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.

Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd;
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field. 759
 Then, when his head from his fair shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
 Ev'n then his trembling tongue invoc'd his bride; }
 With his last voice, 'Eurydice,' he cry'd, }
 'Eurydice,' the rocks and river-banks reply'd." }
 This answer Proteus gave; no more he said, 765 }
 But in the billows plung'd his hoary head; [spread- }
 And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely }
 The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
 And bade him banish his superfluous fear: [whence
 "For now," said she, "the cause is known from
 Thy woe succeeded, and for what offence: 771
 The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
 This punishment upon thy crimes have laid:
 And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
 With vows and suppliant prayers their powers ap-
 The soft Napaean race will soon repent [pease,
 Their anger, and remit the punishment. 777
 The secret in an easy method lies:
 Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,
 Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide; 780
 And four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd.
 For these, four altars in their temple rear,
 And then adore the woodland pow'rs with pray'r:
 From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
 And leave their bodies in the shady wood: 785
 Nine mornings thence, Lethæan poppy bring,
 T' appease the manes of the poets' king:

And, to propitiate his offended bride,
 A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide :
 This finish'd, to the former woods repair." 790
 His mother's precepts he performs with care ;
 The temple visits, and adores with pray'r. }
 Four altars raises ; from his herd he culls,
 For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls ;
 Four heifers from his female store he took, 795
 All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
 Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and pray'rs,
 The pow'rs aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
 Behold a prodigy ! for, from within
 The broken bowels, and the bloated skin, 800
 A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms :
 Strait issue through the sides assembling swarms,
 Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
 Then on a neighb'ring tree, descending, light:
 Like a large cluster of black grapes they show, 805
 And make a large dependence from the bough.

Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
 And of the waxen work of lab'ring bees :
 While mighty Cæsar, thund'ring from afar,
 Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war ; 810
 With conqu'ring arts asserts his country's cause,
 With arts of peace the willing people draws ;
 On the glad earth the golden age renews,
 And his great father's path to heaven pursues ;
 While I at Naples pass my peaceful days, 815
 Affecting studies of less noisy praise ; [shade,
 And, bold through youth, beneath the beechen
 The lays of shepherd, and their loves, have play'd.

VIRGIL'S
ÆNEÏS,

ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

THE Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which *Jove* raises at *Juno*'s request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. *Neptune* drives off the winds, and calms the sea. *Æneas*, with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. *Venus* complains to *Jupiter* of her son's misfortunes. *Jupiter* comforts her, and sends *Mercury* to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. *Æneas*, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. *Dido*, by a device of *Venus*, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,
And haughty *Juno*'s unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won §
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town :
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line;

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome. 10

O, Muse! the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares, 15
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea— 20

A Tyrian colony—the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade,
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd. 26

Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky.)

That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface; 30

Nor thus confin'd; the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;

Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece, against the Trojan state. } 36

Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind.

Deep-graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
 Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd:
 The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed, 40
 Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
 Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
 To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
 For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
 She drove the remnants of the Trojan host: 45
 And seven long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
 Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the
 main.

Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
 Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars,
 Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores: 51

Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
 And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
 When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
 The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent— 55

'Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?' said she,
 'And must the Trojans reign in Italy?

'So fate will have it; and Jove adds his force;

'Nor can my power divert their happy course.

'Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen, 60

'The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?

'She, for the fault of one offending foe,

'The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:

'With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,

'And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep: 65

' Then—as an eagle gripes the trembling game—
 ' The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame
 ' She strongly seiz'd—and, with a burning wound,
 ' Transfix'd—and, naked, on a rock she bound.
 ' But I, who walk in awful state above, 70
 ' The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
 ' For length of years my fruitless force employ
 ' Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
 ' What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
 ' Or offerings on my slighted altars lay? 75

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury fraught,
 The restless regions of the storms she sought;
 Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
 The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
 With pow'r imperial, curbs the struggling winds,
 And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds. 81
 This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
 And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
 High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
 And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands;
 Which did he not, their unresisted sway 86
 Would sweep the world before them in their way:
 Earth, air, and seas; through empty space would
 And heaven would fly before the driving soul! [roll,
 ' In fear of this, the father of the gods 90
 ' Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
 ' And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with
 mountain loads;
 ' Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
 ' To loose their fetters, or their force allay;

To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs addrest,
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd: 96

‘ O Æolus!—for to thee the king of heaven
‘ The pow’r of tempests and of winds has given;
‘ Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
‘ And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main—
‘ A race of wand’ring slaves abhorr’d by me, 101
‘ With prosp’rous passage cut the Tuscan sea :
‘ To fruitful Italy their course they steer, [there.
‘ And for their vanquish’d gods design new temples
‘ Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies ;
‘ Sink or disperse my fatal enemies. 106
‘ Twice-sev’n the charming daughters of the main,
‘ Around my person wait, and bear my train :
‘ Succeed my wish, and second my design,
‘ The fairest, Delopeia, shall be thine, 110 }
‘ And make thee father of a happy line.’

To this the god—‘ ’Tis yours, O queen ! to will
‘ The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
‘ These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
‘ Are all the presents of your bounteous hand : 115
‘ Yours is my sov’reign’s grace ; and, as your
‘ I sit with gods at their celestial feast : [guest,
‘ Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue ;
‘ Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.’
He said, and hurl’d against the mountain side 120
His quiv’ring spear, and all the god apply’d.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground ;

Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
 Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep. 125
 South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
 And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries
 Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
 And heaven itself is ravish'd from their eyes. 130

Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;

Then flashing fires the transient light renew;

The face of things a frightful image bears,

And present death in various forms appears.

Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief, 135

With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;

And 'Thrice, and fourtimes happy those,' he cry'd,

'That under Ilian walls, before their parents, dy'd!

'Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,

'Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,

'And lie by noble Hector on the plain, 141

'Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,

'Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields

'Of heroes; whose dismember'd hands yet bear

'The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear?' 145

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,

Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,

And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,

And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:

Nor can the shiv'ring oars sustain the blow; 150

The galley gives her side, and turns her prow:

While those astern, descending down the steep,

Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!

Three ships were hurry'd by the southern blast,
 And on the secret shelves with fury cast. 155
 Those hidden rocks, th' Ausonian sailors knew:
 They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
 And show'd their spacious backs above the flood.
 Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry mood,
 Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand, 160
 And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land.
 Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
 (A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
 From stem to stern, by waves was overborne:
 The trembling pilot, from his rudder torp, 165
 Was headlong hurl'd; thrice round the ship was
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost! [lost,
 And here and there above the waves were seen
 Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men!
 The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way, 170
 And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing
 Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old, [sea!
 Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
 Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,
 Admit the deluge of the briny streams! 175

Mean time imperial Neptune heard the sound
 Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
 Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
 He rear'd his awful head above the main,
 Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes 180
 Around, this space of earth, and seas, and skies.
 He saw the Trojan fleet disper'd, distress'd,
 By stormy winds and win't'ry heav'n oppress'd,

Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
 And what her aims and what her arts pursue. 185
 He summon'd Eurus and the Western blast,
 And first an angry glance on both he cast :
 Then thus rebuk'd—' Audacious winds! from
 ' This bold attempt, this rebel insolence? [whence
 ' Is it for you to ravage seas and land, 190
 ' Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
 ' To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
 ' Whom I—But first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
 ' And then you shall be taught obedience to my
 reign. }
 ' Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
 ' The realms of ocean and the fields of air 196
 ' Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
 ' The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
 ' His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
 ' There let him reign, the jailor of the wind : 200
 ' With hoarse commands his breathing subjects
 ' And boast and bluster in his empty hall.' [call,
 He spoke—and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the
 Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day. [sea,
 Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train 205
 Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
 Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands :
 The god himself with ready trident stands, [sands; }
 And opes the deep, and spreads the moving }
 Then heaves them off the shoals; where'er he }
 His finny coursers, and in triumph rides, [guides }
 The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides. }

As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
 Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly, 215
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
 If then some grave and pious man appear,
 They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
 He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
 And quenches their innate desire of blood: 220
 So, when the father of the flood appears,
 And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
 Their fury fails: he skims the liquid plains,
 High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins
 Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains. }
 The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars 225
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay:
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride: 230 }
 Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide }
 Betwixt two rows of rocks: a sylvan scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green:
 A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats, 235
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
 Down through the crannies of the living walls,
 The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.
 No hawsers need to bind the vessels here, 239
 Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
 Sev'n ships within this happy harbour meet,
 The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.

The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
First, good Achates, with repeated strokes [repose.
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes ; 246
Short flame succeeds : a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives :
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies. 250
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The chearful blaze, or lie along the ground.
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow, 255
And takes a prospect of the seas below :
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Cæicus fly.
No vessels were in view : but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train 260
Of branching heads : the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood ; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver, and the trusty bow
Achates used to bear : the leaders first 265
He laid along ; and then the vulgar pierc'd ;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift, 271
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)

He set abreach, and for the feast prepar'd,
 In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
 Thus, while he dealt it round, the pious chief 275
 With cheerful words, allay'd the common grief:
 ' Endure, and conquer ; Jove will soon dispose
 ' To future good, our past and present woes.
 ' With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd ;
 ' Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd. 280
 ' What greater ills hereafter can you bear ?
 ' Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
 ' An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
 ' Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
 ' Through various hazards and events we move 285
 ' To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
 ' Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
 ' Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
 ' Endure the hardships of your present state,
 ' Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate.' 290

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his
 heart ;

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
 The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
 The quarry share, their plenteous dinner-haste :
 Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil ; }
 The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil ; }
 Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil. 297 }
 Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine ;
 Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their
 souls with wine.

Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
 The doubtful fortune of their absent friends; 301
 Alternate hopes and fears their mind possess,
 Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.

Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
 Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state 305
 Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus :

The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.
 When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
 Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,—
 At length on Libyan realms he fixt his eyes : 310
 Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
 When Venus saw, she with a lovely look,
 Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke :

‘ O king of gods and men ! whose awful hand
 ‘ Disperses thunder on the seas and land ; 315
 ‘ Disposes all with absolute command :
 ‘ How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
 ‘ Or what, alas ! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
 ‘ Our hope of Italy not only lost,
 ‘ On various seas, by various tempests tost, 320
 ‘ But shut from every shore, and barr'd from
 every coast.

‘ You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
 ‘ Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
 ‘ In after-times should hold the world in awe,
 ‘ And to the land and ocean give the law. 325
 ‘ How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
 ‘ When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war !

‘ Then fates to fates I could oppose ; but now,
‘ When fortune still pursues her former blow,
‘ What can I hope ? What worse can still succeed ?
‘ What end of labors has your will decreed ? 331
‘ Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
‘ Could pass secure, and pierceth’ Illyrian coasts :
‘ Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
‘ And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
‘ At length he founded Padua’s happy seat, 336
‘ And gave his Trojans a secure retreat : [name,
‘ There fix’d their arms, and there renew’d their
‘ And there in quiet rules, and crown’d with fame :
‘ But we, descended from your sacred line, 340
‘ Entitled to your heav’n and rites divine,
‘ Are banish’d earth, and for the wrath of one,
‘ Remov’d from Latium, and the promis’d throne.
‘ Are these our sceptres ? these our due rewards ?
‘ And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards ?
To whom, the father of immortal race, 346
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the
First gave a holy kiss ; then thus replies : [skies,
‘ Daughter, dismiss thy fears ; to thy desire 350
‘ The fates of thine are fix’d, and stand entire.
‘ Thou shalt behold thy wish’d Lavinian walls :
‘ And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
‘ Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me ;
‘ No councils have revers’d my firm decree. 355
‘ And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
‘ Know, I have search’d the mystic rolls of fate :

' Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
 ' In Italy shall wage successful war ;
 ' Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field, 360
 ' And sov'reign laws impose, and cities build.
 ' Till, after every foe subdu'd, the sun
 ' Thrice through the signs his annual race shall
 ' This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then, [run :
 ' Now call'd Iulus, shall begin his reign. 365
 ' He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
 ' Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
 ' And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build.—
 ' The throne with his succession shall be fill'd,
 ' Three hundred circuits more : then shall be seen
 ' Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen, 371
 ' Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes
 ' Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys disclose.
 ' The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain :
 ' Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain ;
 ' Of martial tow'rs the founder shall become, 376
 ' The people Romans call, the city Rome.
 ' To them, no bounds of empire I assign ;
 ' Nor term of years to their immortal line.
 ' Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils, 380
 ' Earth, seas, and heaven, and Jove himself turmoils,
 ' At length atou'd, her friendly pow'r shall join,
 ' To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
 ' The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
 ' And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the
 ' An age is rip'ning in revolving fate, [gown.
 ' When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state:

' And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
 ' To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
 ' Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise, 390
 ' Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
 ' Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with Eastern
 ' Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils, [spoils,
 ' Securely shall repay with rites divine; 394
 ' And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
 ' Then dire debate, and impious war shall cease,
 ' And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
 ' Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
 ' And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
 ' And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain 400
 ' The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
 ' Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
 ' And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
 ' With bolts and iron bars: within remains
 ' Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains: 405
 ' High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
 ' He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
 To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
 To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate, 410
 The queen might force them from her town and
 Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies, [state.
 And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding skies.
 Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
 Performs his message, and displays his rod; 415
 The surly murmurs of the people cease,
 And, as the Fates requir'd, they give the peace.

The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies; 420
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes:
But when the sun restor'd the checerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore: 425

But whether human kind, or beasts alone
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees surround the mountains' shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.)
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his
And true Achates on his steps attends. [friends,
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:

A huntress in her habit and her mien; 435
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments
bind;

Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.)
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood: 440
With such array Harpalice bestrode [flood.
Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid
'Ho! strangers! have you lately seen,' she said,
'One of my sisters, like myself array'd;
'Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd? }

‘ A painted quiver at her back she bore, 446 }
 ‘ Vary’d with spots, a lynx’s hide she wore : }
 ‘ And at full cry pursu’d the tusky boar ?’

Thus Venus: Thus her son reply’d again,

‘ None of your sisters have we heard or seen, 450

‘ O Virgin ! or what other name you bear

‘ Above that style—O more than mortal fair !

‘ Your voice and mien celestial birth betray !

‘ If, as you seem, the sister of the day,

‘ Or one, at least, of chaste Diana’s train, 455

‘ Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain :

‘ But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss’d,

‘ What earth we tread, and who commands the coast ?

‘ Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,

‘ And offer’d victims at your altars fall.’ 460

‘ I dare not,’ she reply’d, ‘ assume the name

‘ Of goddess, or celestial honors claim :

‘ For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,

‘ And purple buskins o’er their ancles wear.

‘ Know, gentle youth ! in Libyan lands you are :

‘ A people rude in peace, and rough in war. 466

‘ The rising city, which from far you see,

‘ Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.

‘ Phœnician Dido rules the growing state, 469 }

‘ Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother’s hate : }

‘ Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate ; }

‘ Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known

‘ For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,

‘ Possess’d fair Dido’s bed ; and either heart

‘ At once was wounded with an equal dart. 475

- ' Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid ;
 ' Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd—
 ' One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
 ' Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
 ' The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth, 480
 ' With steel invades his brother's life by stealth ;
 ' Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
 ' And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
 ' Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
 ' To soothe his sister and delude her mind. 485
 ' At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears }
 ' Of her unhappy lord : the spectre stares, }
 ' And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares. }
 ' The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
 ' And the dire secret of his house reveals : 490
 ' Then warns the widow and her household gods
 ' To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
 ' Last, to support her in so long a way,
 ' He shews her where his hidden treasure lay. 494
 ' Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
 ' The queen provides companions of her flight :
 ' They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
 ' Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
 ' They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find ;
 ' Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind. 500
 ' The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
 ' With prosp'rous winds : a woman leads the way.
 ' I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
 ' Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heaven ;

' At last they lauded, where from far your eyes
 ' May view the turrets of new Carthage rise; 506
 ' There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa
 call'd
 ' From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
 ' But whence are you? what country claims your
 birth?
 ' What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?'
 To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
 And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
 ' Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
 ' O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
 ' Through such a train of woes if I should run, 515
 ' The day would sooner, than the tale, be done.
 ' From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
 ' If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
 ' On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
 ' At length we landed on your Libyan coast. 520
 ' The good Æneas am I call'd—a name,
 ' While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
 ' My household gods, companions of my woes,
 ' With pious care I rescu'd from our foes.
 ' To fruitful Italy my course was bent, 525
 ' And from the king of heaven is my descent.
 ' With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
 ' Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
 ' Scarce seven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
 ' From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet:

‘ Myself distress’d, an exile, and unknown, 531 }
 ‘ Debarr’d from Europe, and from Asia thrown, }
 ‘ In Libyan deserts wander thus alone.’

His tender parent could no longer bear ;
 But, interposing, sought to soothe his care. 535
 ‘ Whoe’er you are, not unbelov’d by heaven,
 ‘ Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven,
 ‘ Have courage : to the gods permit the rest,
 ‘ And to the queen expose your just request.
 ‘ Now take this earnest of success, for more : 540
 ‘ Your scatter’d fleet is join’d upon the shore ;
 ‘ The winds are chang’d, your friends from danger
 ‘ Or I renounce my skill in augury. [free,
 ‘ Twelve swans behold, in beauteous order move,
 ‘ And stoop, with closing pinions, from above ;
 ‘ Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
 ‘ And, through the clouds, pursued the scatt’ring
 ‘ Now all united in a goodly team, [throng :
 ‘ They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
 ‘ As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
 ‘ And ride the circuits of the skies in rings ; 551
 ‘ Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
 ‘ Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
 ‘ No more advice is needful, but pursue
 ‘ The path before you, and the town in view.’ 555
 Thus having said, she turn’d, and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevell’d hair ; [ground,
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach’d the
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around : 559

In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
 And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is
 The prince pursued the parting deity, [known.
 With words like these: 'Ah! whither dost thou fly?

' Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son

' In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun; 565

' Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;

' And still to speak in accents not your own!

Against the goddess these complaints he made;

But took the path, and her commands obey'd.

They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds, 570

With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds:

That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,

Or force to tell the causes of their way.

This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,

To visit Paphos, and her native clime: 575

Where garlands, ever green, and ever fair,

With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer:

A hundred altars in her temple smoke;

A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,

Now, at a nearer distance, view the town. 581

The prince, with wonder, sees the stately tow'rs,

(Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bow'rs)

The gates and streets; and hears from every part

The noise and busy concourse of the mart. 585

The toiling Tyrians on each other call,

To ply their labor: some extend the wall;

Some build the citadel; the brawny throng

Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along. 589

Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre. 595
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow'ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun, 600
Invites them forth to labor in the sun :
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense :
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve; 605
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive ;
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds ;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
' Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise !' 610
Æneas said ; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs : then ent'ring at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds, (prodigious to relate,)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along. 615
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood :
The Tyrians landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosperous omen found :

From under earth a courser's head they drew, 620
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew :
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate, 625
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose :
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd ; 630
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wand'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town, 636
The striving artists and their arts renown—
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known. 641
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, ' O friend ! ev'n here
' The monuments of Trojan woes appear ! 645
' Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands :
' See there, where old unhappy Priam stands !
' Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
' And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim !

He said: his tears a ready passage find, 650
 Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
 And with an empty picture fed his mind.
 For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
 And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
 Pursued by fierce Achilles through the plain, 655
 On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
 The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
 By their white sails betray'd to nightly view:
 And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
 The centrics slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord.
 Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food 661
 Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
 Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defy'd
 Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
 Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
 Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains, 666
 Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
 The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,
 With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
 Mean time the Trojan dames, 'oppress'd with
 To Pallas' fane in long procession go, [woe,
 In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
 They weep, they beat their breasts; they rend their
 And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear; hair,
 But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with prayer.
 Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew 676
 The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
 Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
 The lifeless body of his son is sold.

So sad an object, and so well express'd, 680
 Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
 To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
 And his old sire, his helpless hand extend.
 Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
 Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain : 685
 And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
 His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
 Penthesilea, there, with haughty grace ;
 Leads to the wars an Amazonian race ;
 In their right hands a pointed dart they wield ; 690
 The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
 Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
 Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes : }
 And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose. }
 Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
 Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprize, 696
 The beauteous Dido with a num'rous train,
 And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
 Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
 Diana seems ; and so she charms the sight, 700
 When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
 The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
 Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
 She walks majestic, and she looks their queen :
 Latona sees her shine above the rest, 705
 And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
 Such Dido was ; with such becoming state,
 Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.

Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance, proceeds, 710
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the
In crowds around, the swarming people join. [shrine
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause :
Their tasks, in equal portions, she divides, 715
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cleanthus strong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng; 720
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpriz'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste to join their hands :
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays, 725
And, from the hollow cloud, his friends surveys :
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their request;
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest; 730
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began :
' O queen ! indulg'd by favour of the gods, 735
' To found an empire in these new abodes ;
' To build a town, with statutes to restrain
' The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign :

- ' We wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore,
 ' From sea to sea, thy clemency implore : 740
 ' Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
 ' Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
 ' And spare the remnant of a pious race. }
 ' We come not with design of wasteful prey,
 ' To drive the country, force the swains away : 745
 ' Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
 ' The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
 ' A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old.
 ' The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold :
 ' Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common fame,
 ' Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name. 751
 ' To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
 ' When winds, and every warring element
 ' Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
 ' Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand : 755
 ' The sea came on ; the south with mighty roar,
 ' Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
 ' Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
 ' Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here, 759
 ' What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
 ' What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
 ' Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
 ' And drive us to the cruel seas again ?
 ' If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
 ' Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws, 765 }
 ' The gods are just, and will revenge our cause. }

' Æneas was our prince; a juster lord,
 ' Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword: }
 ' Observant of the right, religious of his word.
 ' If yet he lives, and draws this vital air, 770
 ' Nor we his friends of safety shall despair;
 ' Nor you, great queen these offices repent,
 ' Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
 ' We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
 ' Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts. 775
 ' Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
 ' Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
 ' That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
 ' Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
 ' But if, O best of men! the fates ordain 780
 ' That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main;
 ' And if our young Iulus be no more,
 ' Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore;
 ' That we to good Acestes may return,
 ' And with our friends our common losses mourn.
 Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew 786
 With cries and clamours his request renew.
 The modest queen awhile, with downcast eyes,
 Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
 ' Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate, 790
 ' And doubts attending an unsettled state,
 ' Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
 ' Who has not heard the story of your woes?
 ' The name and fortune of your native place,
 ' The fame and valour of the Phrygian race? 795

' We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
 ' Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
 ' Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
 ' Or, driven by tempests from your first intent, }
 ' You seek the good Acestes' government; 800 }
 ' Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
 ' And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard :
 ' Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs }
 ' To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers, }
 ' My wealth, my city, and myself are yours. 805 }
 ' And would to heaven the storm, you felt, would
 ' On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king, [bring
 ' My people shall, by my command, explore
 ' The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
 ' And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
 ' Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.' 811

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
 And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud ;
 Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way : 814

' From whence, O goddess-born ! this long delay ?
 ' What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
 ' Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure ?
 ' One only wants : and him we saw in vain
 ' Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main !
 ' Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid, 820
 ' The rest agrees with what your mother said.'

Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
 The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
 The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
 August in visage, and serenely bright. 825

His mother goddess, with her hands divine, [shine;
 Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples
 And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
 Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold, 830
 Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
 Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke;
 And thus with manly modesty he spoke:

‘He whom you seek am I; by tempests tost,
 ‘And sav’d from shipwreck on your Libyan coast:
 ‘Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
 ‘A prince that owes his life to you alone.
 ‘Fair majesty! the refuge and redress
 ‘Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress!
 ‘You, who your pious offices employ 840
 ‘To save the relics of abandon’d Troy,
 ‘Receive the shipwreck’d on your friendly shore;
 ‘With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
 ‘Associate in your town a wand’ring train,
 ‘And strangers in your palace entertain. 845
 ‘What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
 ‘Who scatter’d through the world in exile mourn?
 ‘The gods (if gods, to goodness are inclin’d,)
 ‘If acts of mercy touch their heav’nly mind;
 ‘And more than all the gods, your gen’rous heart,
 ‘Conscious of worth, requite its own desert! 851
 ‘In you this age is happy, and this earth:
 ‘And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
 ‘While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
 ‘And round the space of heaven the radiant sun:

' While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
 ' Your honor, name, and praise, shall never die:
 ' Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
 ' Your image shall be present in my mind.' 859

Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haste,
 And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
 With his right hand Ilioneus was* grac'd,
 Serestus with his left; then to his breast
 Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
 And so by turns descended to the rest. 865 }

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face;
 Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:
 Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
 Then recollected stood; and thus began:

' What fate, O goddess-born! what angry pow'rs
 ' Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
 ' Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
 ' Who from celestial seed your lineage claim;
 ' The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
 ' To fam'd Anchises on th' Idean shore? 875
 ' It calls into my mind, though then a child,
 ' When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd,
 ' And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
 ' My father Belus then with fire and sword
 ' Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare, 880
 ' And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
 ' From him the Trojan siege I understood,
 ' The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.

* He will improve the construction; which, at the end of the paragraph, is embarrassed.

' Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
 ' And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd. 885
 ' Enter, my noble guest ! and you shall find,
 ' If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.
 ' For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,
 ' Till heaven afforded me this place of rest ;
 ' Like you, an alien in a land unknown, 890
 ' I learn to pity woes, so like my own.

She said, and to the palace led her guest,
 Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
 Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
 Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends : 895
 Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
 With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
 And jars of gen'rous wine, and spacious bowls,
 She gives to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
 Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls, 900
 And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls :
 On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine ;
 With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine.
 And antique vases all of gold emboss'd ;
 (The gold itself inferior to the cost 905
 Of curious work ;) where on the sides were seen
 The fights and figures of illustrious men ;
 From their first founder to the present queen. }

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
 Iulus' absence could no longer bear, 910
 Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
 To give a glad relation of the past ;

And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy—

A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire; 915

An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,

From Argos by the fam'd adultrous brought,

With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,

Her mother Leda's present, when she came

To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame: 920

The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,

Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore

Of double texture, glorious to behold;

One order set with gems, and one with gold.—

Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes, 925

And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,

New counsels tries; and new designs prepares;

That Cupid should assume the shape and face

Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace; 930

Should bring her presents, in her nephew's stead,

And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed. *Edg. a.*

For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongu'd,

And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.

These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke;

And thus alarm'd to winged Love she spoke: 936

' My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone

' Controls the Thunderer, on his awful throne;

' To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,

' And on thy succour and thy faith relies. 940

' Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife

' By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life,

' And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains; }
 ' Him Dido now with blandishment detains; }
 ' But I suspect the town where Juno reigns. 945 }
 ' For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
 ' And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart:
 ' A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
 ' As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
 ' How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
 ' Ascanius, by his father is design'd 951
 ' To come, with presents, laden from the port,
 ' To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
 ' I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
 ' And, ravish'd, in Idalian bowers to keep, 955
 ' Or high Cythera; that the sweet deceit
 ' May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
 ' Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace }
 ' But only for a night's revolving space; }
 ' Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face, }
 ' That when, amidst the fervor of the feast, 961
 ' The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
 ' And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
 ' Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins.'
 The god of love obeys, and sets aside 965
 His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight;
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
 The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
 And, in a pleasing slumber, seals his eyes; 970
 Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves:

Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
 And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
 Cupid, mean time; assum'd his form and face, 975
 Following Achates with a shorter pace,
 And brought the gifts. The queen already sate,
 Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
 High on a golden bed: her princely guest
 Was next her side; in order sate the rest. 980
 Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high:
 Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
 And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry. }
 Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore.
 The censers, and with fumes the gods adore. 985
 Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
 To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
 The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
 Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
 All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze; 990
 But view the beauteous boy with more amaze!
 His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
 His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's dis-
 Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine, [guise.
 Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.
 But, far above the rest, the royal dame, 996
 (Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
 With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
 Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
 The guileful god, about the hero long, 1000
 With children's play, and false embraces, hung;

Then sought the queen : she took him to her arms
 With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
 Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
 How dire a god she drew so near her breast. 1005
 But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
 Works in the pliant bosom of the fair; [care.
 And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former
 The dead is to the living love resign'd;
 And all Æneas enters in her mind. 1010

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
 The meat remov'd, and every guest was pleas'd,
 The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
 And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
 From gilded roofs depending lamps display 1015
 Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.

A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
 The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
 The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line. }
 Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke :
 ' O hospitable Jove ! we thus invoke, 1021
 ' With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power ;
 ' Bless to both nations this auspicious hour !
 ' So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
 ' In lasting concord, from this day combine. 1025
 ' Thou, Bacchus ! god of joys and friendly cheer,
 ' And gracious Juno ! both be present here :
 ' And you ! my lords of Tyre, your vows address
 ' To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.'
 The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd, 1030
 (Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)

And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
 Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
 'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul,
 He took the challenge and embrac'd the bowl, 1035
 With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
 The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
 His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught,
 The various labours of the wand'ring moon, 1040
 And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun.
 Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
 The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
 And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence. }
 What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays 1045
 The summer nights, and shortens winter days—
 With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
 Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
 Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
 And drank large draughts of love with vast delight.
 Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more; 1051 }
 Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore, }
 What troops he landed on the Trojan shore:
 The steeds of Diomedes vary'd the discourse,
 And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force; 1055
 At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
 To hear the series of the war desir'd:
 ' Relate at large, my god-like guest, she said,
 ' The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
 ' The fatal issue of so long a war, [clarc.
 ' Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, de-





‘ For, since on every sea, on every coast,
‘ Your men have been distress’d, your navy toss’d,
‘ Sev’n times the sun has either tropic view’d,
‘ The winter banish’d, and the spring renew’d.’ 1065

ÆNEIS.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

ÆNEAS relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken, not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it. At last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

ALL were attentive to the god-like man,
 When, from his lofty couch, he thus began :
 Great queen ! what you command me to relate,
 Renews the sad remembrance of our fate, —
 An empire from its old foundations rent, 5
 And every woe the Trojans underwent :
 A peopled city made a desert place ;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was :

Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear;
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. 10
 And now the latter watch of wasting night,
 And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
 But, since you take such int'rest in our woe,
 And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
 I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15
 What in our last and fatal night befell.

By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
 And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
 Which, like a steed of monstrous height, appear'd; 20
 The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it
 For their return, and this the vow they paid. [made
 Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
 Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
 With inward arms the dire machine they load, 25
 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
 In sight of 'Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
 Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
 Where ships expos'd to winds and weather lay. 30
 There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for
 The sails were hoisted, and our fears release. [Greece
 The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
 Like swarming bees, and, with delight, survey 35
 The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:

The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd, }
 Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode, }
 Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode. }
 Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ, 40
 (The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy):
 Thymætès first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
 Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd,)
 Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45
 But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames design'd;
 Or to the wat'ry deep: at least to bore
 The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
 Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
 Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud:
 'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns? 54
 'What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
 'Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
 'And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
 'This hollow fabric either must enclose,
 'Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 'Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town, 60
 'T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 'Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
 'Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
 Thus having said, against the steel he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65

Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
 And groans of Greeks enclos'd come issuing through
 the wound.

And had not heav'n the fall of Troy design'd, 70
 Or had not men been fated to be blind,
 Enough was said and done t' inspire a better mind:
 Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
 And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
 Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
 A captive Greek in bands, before the king— 76
 Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,
 T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
 Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80

About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the foe.
 Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
 Behold a nation in a man compris'd. 84
 Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm'd and bound
 He star'd, and roll'd his hagard eyes around,
 Then said, ' Alas! what earth remains, what sea
 ' Is open to receive unhappy me!
 ' What fate a wretched fugitive attends, 89
 ' Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
 He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
 Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
 We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
 And freely tell us what he was, and whence;

What news he could impart, we long to know, 95
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, 'Whate'er
'My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere :
'I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim :
'Greece is my country, Sinon is my name: 100
'Though plung'd by fortune's pow'r in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
'If any chance has hither brought the name
'Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
'Who suffer'd from the malice of the times, 105
'Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,
'Because the fatal wars he would prevent ;
'Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament.
'Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
'Of other means, committed to his care, 110 }
'His kinsman and companion in the war.
'While fortune favor'd, while his arms support
'The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
'I made some figure there ; nor was my name
'Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115
'But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
'Had made impression in the people's hearts,
'And forg'd a treason in my patron's name,
'(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame,)
'My kinsman fell ; then I, without support, 120
'In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
'Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
'With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
'And curs'd the direful author of my woes.—
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose. 125

' I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more
 ' Would land me safely on my native shore,
 ' His death with double vengeance to restore. }
 ' This mov'd the murd'rer's hate, and soon ensued
 ' Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130
 ' Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
 ' And sought, by treason, my devoted head ;
 ' New crimes invented ; left unturn'd no stone,
 ' To make my guilt appear, and hide his own ;
 ' Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought.
 ' But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
 ' If on my nation just revenge you seek, 137
 ' And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek ;
 ' Already you my name and country know :
 ' Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow :
 ' My death will both the kingly brothers please,
 ' And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.' 142

This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
 Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts ; }
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts. 145 }
 His former trembling once again renew'd,
 With acted fear, the villain thus pursued :

' Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
 ' And weary'd with an unsuccessful war,)
 ' Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town ;
 ' And, had the gods permitted, they had gone : 151
 ' But oft the wint'ry seas and southern winds
 ' Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their
 ' Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd ; [minds.
 ' But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd :

‘ Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
 ‘ And thunders rattled through a sky serene :
 ‘ Dismay’d, and fearful of some dire event,
 ‘ Eurypylus, t’ inquire their fate, was sent. 159
 ‘ He from the gods this dreadful answer brought ; }
 ‘ O Grecians ! when the Trojan shores you sought, }
 ‘ Your passage with a virgin’s blood was bought ! }
 ‘ So must your safe return be bought again,
 ‘ And Grecian blood once more atone the main !
 ‘ The spreading rumour round the people ran ; 165
 ‘ All fear’d, and each believ’d himself the man.
 ‘ Ulysses took th’ advantage of their fright ;
 ‘ Call’d Calchas, and produc’d in open sight,
 ‘ Then bade him name the wretch, ordain’d by fate
 ‘ The public victim, to redeem the state. 170
 ‘ Already some presag’d the dire event,
 ‘ And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant,
 ‘ For twice five days the good old seer withstood
 ‘ The intended treason, and was dumb to blood.
 ‘ Till, tir’d with endless clamours, and pursuit 175
 ‘ Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute,
 ‘ But, as it was agreed, pronounc’d that I
 ‘ Was destin’d by the wrathful gods to die. [fall
 ‘ All prais’d the sentence, pleas’d the storm should
 ‘ On one alone, whose fury threaten’d all. 180
 ‘ The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
 ‘ Their leaven’d cakes, and fillets for my hair.
 ‘ I follow’d nature’s laws, and must avow,
 ‘ I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.

- ' Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, 135
 ' Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
 ' But now what further hopes for me remain,
 ' To see my friends and native soil again ?
 ' My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 ' Whom they returning, will to death require? 190
 ' Will perpetrate on them their first design,
 ' And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
 ' Which, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
 ' If there be faith below, or gods above,
 ' If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195
 ' Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'
 False tears true pity move: the king commands
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
 Then adds these friendly words: ' Dismiss thy fears,
 ' Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wast theirs:
 ' But truly tell, was it for force or guile, 201
 ' Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile?'
 Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
 This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
 ' Ye lamps of heaven!' he said, and lifted high 205
 His hands now free, ' thou venerable sky!
 ' Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
 ' Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
 ' Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled! }
 ' Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may, 210
 ' Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
 ' Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
 ' And justly punish whom I justly hate!

' But you, O king ! preserve the faith you gave,
 ' If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215
 ' The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
 ' Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
 ' But from the time when impious Diomede,
 ' And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
 ' Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220
 ' The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
 ' Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
 ' Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands ;
 ' From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
 ' And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225
 ' Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd,
 ' And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
 ' Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
 ' Her alter'd mind, and alienated care.
 ' When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230
 ' She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
 ' That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
 ' Her heavenly limbs distill'd in briny sweat.
 ' Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
 ' Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield !
 ' Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare, 236
 ' And hope no conquest from the tedious war, [sought
 ' Till first they sail'd for Greece ! with pray'rs be-
 ' Her injur'd pow'r, and better omeus brought.
 ' And now their navy ploughs the wat'ry main, }
 ' Yet, soon expect it on your shores again, 241 }
 ' With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain. }

' But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
 ' For her stol'n statue, and her tow'r betray'd,
 ' Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245
 ' We rais'd, and dedicate this wond'rous frame :
 ' So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
 ' It pass, and intercept our better fates.
 ' For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
 ' And Troy may then a new Palladium boast. 250
 ' For so religion and the gods ordain ;
 ' That if you violate with hands profane
 ' Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
 ' (Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn !)
 ' But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255
 ' The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
 ' Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
 ' And the reverse of fate on us return.'

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts, 260
 What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done, }
 False tears and fawning words the city won.
 A greater omen, and of worse portent, }
 Did our unwary minds with fear torment : 265 }
 Concurring to produce the dire event.
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
 With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer.
 When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd }
 Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide, 270 }
 And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.

Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below :
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on their sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd :
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd ; their destin'd way they take, 280
And to Laocoon and his children make :
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bo-
The wretched father, running to their aid [dies grind.
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade : 285
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots, 290
His holy fillets the blue venom blots :
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies, 294
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way :
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear,
Amazement seizes all : the general cry 300
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,

Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid. 305
A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
And fasten to the horses' feet : the rest
With cables hawl along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls : 310
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town. 315
O sacred city ! built by hands divine !
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line !
Four times he struck ; as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320
We haul along the horse in solemn state ;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd the unhappy hour ;
Foretold our fate : but, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy. 325
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
Mean time the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night :
Our men, secure, nor guards, nor centries held, 330
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.

The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
 From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores :
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light. 335
 When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes ;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340
 And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide :
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste ;
 Nor was the Podalyrian hero last :
 Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd. 345
 A nameless crowd succeed ; their forces join
 T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs 350
 Our bodies worn with toils, or minds with cares,
 When Hector's ghost before my sight appears :
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 355
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Thro' the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
 Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
 Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils :
 Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian

His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran: }
 I wept to see the visionary man : 365 }
 And, while my trance continu'd, thus began : }
 ' O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 ' Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 ' O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
 ' Art thou so late return'd for our defence? 370
 ' Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
 ' With length of labours, and with toils of war?
 ' After so many funerals of thy own,
 ' Art thou restor'd to thy declining town? 374
 ' But say, what wounds are these? What new dis-
 ' Deforms the manly features of thy face?' [grace
 To this the spectre no reply did frame;
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came:
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast, 379
 This warning, in these mournful words, express'd:
 ' O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
 ' The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
 ' The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
 ' Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
 ' Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385
 ' More than enough to duty and to fame.
 ' If by a mortal hand my father's throne
 ' Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
 ' Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
 ' And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390

' From their assistance happier walls expect,
 ' Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
 He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
 The venerable statues of the gods,
 With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir, 395
 The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war !
 The noise approaches; though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400
 Louder, and yet more loud; I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms !
 Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
 But mount the terrace, thence the town survey, }
 And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey! 405 }
 Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
 Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn ;
 Or deluges, descending on the plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains }
 Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains; 410 }
 Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey !
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far,
 The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd ; 415
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd !
 The palace of Deïphobus ascends
 In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends,
 Ucalegon burns next : the seas are bright [light.
 With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan

New clamours and new clangors now arise, 421
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries !
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms, -
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms !
 But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose, 425
 (If fortune favour'd) and repel the foes—
 Spurr'd by my courage—by my country fir'd,
 With sense of honor and revenge inspir'd !

Panthûs, Apollo's priest, a sacred name, 429
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
 With relics loaden, to my doors he fled, [flame;
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.

' What hope, O Panthûs ! whither can we run ?
 ' Where make a stand ? and what may yet be done ?
 Scarce had I said, when Panthûs, with a groan, 435
 ' Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town !
 ' The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
 ' When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
 ' Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
 ' The fire consumes the town, the foe commands !
 ' And armed hosts, an unexpected force, 441
 ' Break from the bowels of the fatal horse !
 ' Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
 ' The flames, and foes for entrance press without.
 ' With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
 ' More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
 ' To several posts their parties they divide ;
 ' Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide.
 ' The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprize; [flies.
 ' Who fights finds death, and death finds him who

'The warders of the gate but scarce maintain 451
 'Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'
 I heard; and heaven, that well-born souls inspires,
 Prompts me through lifted swords and rising fires,
 To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls, 455
 And rush undaunted to defend the walls!
 Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
 For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
 Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
 My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
 With young Chorcebus, who by love was led 461
 To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
 And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
 Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid:
 Whom when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall, 465
 And that one spirit animated all,
 'Brave souls,' said I, 'but brave, alas! in vain,
 'Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
 'You see the desp'rate state of our affairs;
 'And heav'n's protecting pow'rs are deaf to pray'rs.
 'The passive gods behold the Greeks defile 471
 'Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
 'Their own abodes: we, feeble few conspire
 'To save a sinking town involv'd in fire.
 'Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes: 475
 'Despair of life, the means of living shows.'
 So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire!
 As hungry wolves, with raging appetite, 479
 Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night,

Their whelps at home, expect the promis'd food,
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood —
 So rush'd we forth at once. Resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd, in death, the last extremes to try !
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 485 }
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:
 Night was our friend ; our leader was Despair. }
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night !
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright !
 An ancient and imperial city falls : 490
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals :
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only Trojans fall, but in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn. 495
 Ours take new courage from despair and night ;
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
 All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears ;
 And grisly death in sundry shapes appears.
 Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
 ' From whence,' said he, ' my friends, this long delay ?
 ' You loiter, while the spoils are borne away :
 ' Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
 ' And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake, 506
 Found by the doubtful answers which we make.
 Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
 But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.

As when some peasant, in a bushy brake, 510
 Has, with unwary footing, press'd a snake,
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms surpriz'd Androgeos flies—
 In vain, for him and his we compass round, 515
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
 Choroëbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Sworn with success, and of a daring mind, 520
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 ' My friends,' said he, ' since fortune shows the
 'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.[way,
 ' For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
 ' But their destruction, and the Trojans' good? 525
 ' Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
 ' Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
 ' They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
 His painted buckler, and his plumy crest. 530
 Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535
 And strew, with Grecian carcasses, the street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;

And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.

But ah! what use of valor can be made, 541
When heaven's propitious powers refuse their aid?
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair

Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevell'd hair, 544
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,

In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heaven she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd—
'Twas all she could—her tender arms were ty'd.

So sad a sight Chorcæbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair, 550
Amid the barb'rous ravishers he flew.

Our leader's rash example we pursue:— [height,
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:

We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow, 555
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.

They aim at the mistaken crests, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.

Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free: 560

The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.

The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky; 566
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:

Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first, again appear 571
From several quarters, and enclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chorcæbus first, 575
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends. 580
Nor Panthûs, thee thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames! your testimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife, 585
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault;
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide, 590
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamors from th' invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 595
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space:

Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
 And tumult, war, and slaughter only there. 600
 Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
 Secure advancing, to the turrets rose :
 Some mount the scaling-ladders ; some, more bold,
 Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold :
 Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
 While with the right they seize the battlement.
 From the demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw 607
 Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe :
 And heavy beams and rafters from the sides,
 (Such arms their last necessity provides !) 610
 And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
 The marks of state and ancient royalty.
 The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
 The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
 Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath, 615
 A second time we ran to tempt our death,
 To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.
 A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
 Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620
 To the king's closet led—a way well known
 To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne—
 Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
 To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
 Through this we pass, and mount the tow'r from
 whence, 625
 With unavailing arms, the Trojans make defence.

From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty height with swords we hew;
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew.
And, where the rafters on the columns meet, 631
We push them headlong with our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into earth. 636
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough, when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns, 644
Restor'd with poisonous herbs; his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and, rais'd on spires, he rides.
High o'er the grass; hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes, by fits, his forked tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run 650
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend,
And flaming firebands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows, 655
And, with his ax, repeated strokes bestows

On the strong doors : then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unresisted strength. 660
A mighty breach is made ; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space between. 666
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies, 671
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain ;
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments all ; 675
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood ;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings : I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds, (such hopes had he, 685
So large a promise of a progeny,)

The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
 Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils,
 Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
 The Grecians enter, and possess the place. 690
 Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire,
 He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
 His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
 On every side inevitable woes—
 In arms disus'd invests his limbs, decry'd, 695
 Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
 His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
 Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain:
 Despairing of success: ambitious to be slain! }
 Uncover'd but by heaven, there stood in view 700
 An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
 Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
 The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
 Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
 Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
 Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky, 706
 Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
 The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword, [mind;
 'What rage,' she cry'd, 'has seiz'd my husband's
 'What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
 'These times want other aids! were Hector here,
 'Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would ap-
 'With us, one common shelter thou shalt find, [pear.
 'Or in one common fate with us be join'd.' 715

She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
 Behold ! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
 Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
 Through empty courts, and open galleries: 721
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
 Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes: 725
 Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,
 ' The gods,' said he, ' requite thy brutal rage:
 ' As sure they will, Barbarian ! sure they must,
 ' If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just: 731
 ' Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight,
 ' With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
 ' Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 ' To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted sire, 735
 ' Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
 ' The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 ' He chear'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
 ' The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold ;
 ' Pity'd the woes a parent underwent, 740
 ' And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
 This said, his feeble hand a jav'lin threw,
 Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew :
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. 745

Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
 'And to my father my foul deeds relate. [sire,
 'Now die!'—With that he dragg'd the trembling
 Slidd'ring through clotted blood and holy mire,
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)

Haul'd from beneath the violated shade, 751

And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.

His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;

His left he twisted in his hoary hair: 754

Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:

The lukewarm blood came rushing through the
 wound,

And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.

Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate

With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—

He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd, 760

Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd,

On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,

*A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood

Congel with fear, my hair with horror stood: 765

My father's image fill'd my pious mind,

Lest equal years might equal fortune find.

Again I thought on my forsaken wife,

And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.

I look'd about, but found myself alone, 770

Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.

Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd 775

Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's sword; }
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord; }
Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd. }
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.

' Shall she triumphant sail before the wind, 785

' And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?

' Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,

' In state attended with a captive crew;

' While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,

' And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls? 790

' For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood

' Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with

' 'Tis true, a soldier can small honor gain, [blood.

' And boast no conquest from a woman slain;

' Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795

' Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.

' The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,

' And murmuring manes of my friends appease.'

Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heavenly bright, }
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight— 801 }

Never so radiant did her eyes appear ;
 Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear—
 Great in her charms, as when the gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break ;
 Then, from her rosy lips, began to speak :
 ' My son ! from whence this madness, this neglect
 ' Of my commands, and those whom I protect ?
 ' Why this unmanly rage ? recal to mind 810
 ' Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
 ' Look if your hapless father yet survive ;
 ' Or if Ascanius, or Creüsa, live.
 ' Around your house the greedy Grecians err ;
 ' And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815 }
 ' But for my presence and protecting care.
 ' Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault :
 ' But by the gods was this destruction brought.
 ' Now cast your eyes around ; while I dissolve
 ' The mists and films that mortal eyes involve, 820
 ' Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
 ' The shape of each avenging deity.
 ' Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil :
 ' Nor fear obedience to your mother's will. . 824
 ' Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, [arise—
 ' Stones rent from stones—where clouds of dust
 ' Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place, }
 ' Below the wall's foundation drives his mace, }
 ' And heaves the building from the solid base. }

Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
 Or most for his, such toils I undertake—
 The good Anchises—whom, by timely flight, 860
 I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height—
 Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,
 And add his fun'ral to the fate of Troy,
 Rather than exile and old age sustain.
 ' Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein.
 ' Had heav'n decreed that I should life enjoy, 866
 ' Heav'n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
 ' 'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
 ' Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
 ' Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
 ' And give this useless corpse a long adieu. 871
 ' These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
 ' At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
 ' To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
 ' As for my sepulchre, let heav'n take care. 875
 ' 'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
 ' Loath'd by the gods have dragg'd a ling'ring life;
 ' Since every hour and moment I expire,
 ' Blasted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
 This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die: 880
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
 Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—
 ' What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
 ' And in his ruin all his house involve?
 He still persists his reasons to maintain; 885
 Our pray'rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
 What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 ' Can I, without so dear a father, live? 890
 ' You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 ' Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 ' If fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 ' That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain, }
 ' And you conspire with fortune, to be slain;
 ' The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
 ' For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear, 897
 ' Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who }
 ' The son (inhuman) in the father's view, {slew }
 ' And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
 ' O goddess-mother! give me back to fate;
 ' Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
 ' Did you for this, unhappy me convey
 ' Through foes and fires to see my house a prey?
 ' Shall I my father, wife, and son, behold 905
 ' Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
 ' Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent, and overcome:
 ' 'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
 ' I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!
 ' Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall. 910
 ' Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight:
 ' My death is wanting to conclude the night!
 Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield;
 While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield; }
 And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. 915 }

I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And, cross the threshold, in my passage lay;
Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.

'If death be your design—at least,' said she, 920

'Take us along to share your destiny.

'If any further hopes in arms remain,

'This place, these pledges of your love maintain.

'To whom do you expose your father's life, 924

'Your son's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!'

While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,

Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;

For, while I held my son, in the short space,

Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,

(Strange to relate!) from young Iulus' head 930

A lambent flame arose, which gently spread

Around his brows, and on his temples fed.

Amaz'd, with running water we prepare

To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;

But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd 935

His hand to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:

'If any vows, almighty Jove! can bend

'Thy will—if pious can pray'rs commend—

'Confirm the glad presage which thou art

pleas'd to send.'

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear 940

A peal of rattling thunder roll in air;

There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,

Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly:

From o'er the roof the blaze began to move ;
And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idean grove, 945
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
Then in a streaming stench of sulphur dy'd.

The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.

' Now, now,' said he, ' my son ! no more delay,
' I yield, I follow where heav'n shews the way,
' Keep (O my country gods !) our dwelling-place,
' And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
' This tender child !—these omens are your own ;
' And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955
' At least accomplish what your signs foreshow :
' I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'

He said—the crackling flames appear on high ;
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire ; 960
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.

' Haste, my dear father ! ('tis no time to wait,)
' And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
' Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
' One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share. 965
' My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,
' My faithful consort ! shall our steps pursue.
' Next, you, my servants ! heed my strict commands :
' Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
' To Ceres hallow'd once : a cypress nigh 970
' Shoots up her venerable head on high ;
' By long religion kept : there bend your feet ;
' And, in divided parties, let us meet.

‘ Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
 ‘ Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands :
 ‘ In me ’tis impious, holy things to bear, 976
 ‘ Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
 ‘ Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
 ‘ Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.’
 Thus, ord’ring all that prudence could provide,
 I clothe my shoulders with a lion’s hide, 981
 And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
 The welcome load of my dear father take.
 While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung;
 And, with unequal paces, tript along. 985
 Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
 Through every dark and every devious way.
 I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
 The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
 At every shadow now am seiz’d with fear: 990
 Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
 Till near the ruin’d gate arriv’d at last,
 Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
 A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear. 994
 My father, looking through the shades with fear,
 Cry’d out, ‘ Haste, haste, my son! the foes are nigh;
 ‘ Their swords and shining armour I descry.’
 Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
 Had sure bereft my mind of better sense: 999
 For while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
 Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
 If by her fatal destiny she fell;

Or weary, sate; or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005
I knew not, or reflected, till I met
My friends, at Ceres' now-deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse! 1011
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care, 1015
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks; through night explore
Each passage, every street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. 1025
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there:
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset:
Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire. 1031
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.

Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey; 1036
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey: [brought,
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses
And golden bowls from burning altars caught
The tables of the gods; the purple vests; 1040
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests:
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name: 1045
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears,
And, sudden, through the shades of night appears.
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair. 1051
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
'Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t'indulge your pain:
'You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
'My fates permit me not from hence to fly; 1056
'Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
'Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decreed—
'On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
'Then, after many painful years are past, 1060
'On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:
'Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
'The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds,

' There end your toils ; and there your fates provide .
 ' A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride ; 1065
 ' There fortune shall the Trojan line restore ;
 ' And you for lost Creüsa weep no more .
 ' Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
 ' Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame :
 ' Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070
 ' My goddess-mother, or my royal race .
 ' And now, farewell ! the parent of the gods
 ' Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes :
 ' I trust our common issue to your care .'
 She said : and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075
 I strove to speak : but horror ty'd my tongue ;
 And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
 And thrice, deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung. }
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or, as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080
 Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again .
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old :
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought, 1085
 With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught .
 Resolv'd, and willing under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land .
 The morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day : 1090
 Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
 And all pretence of late relief were lost .
 I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
 And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire. 1095

ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

*The Argument.*

ÆNEAS proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household Gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprizing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heav'n had overturn'd the Trojan state,
 And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
 When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,
 And Ilium's lofty tow'rs in ashes lay;
 Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat, 5
 To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
 Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
 The timber of the sacred groves we cut,

And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
 What place the gods for our repose assign'd. 10
 Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
 Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
 When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
 The crew, my father and the fates obey.
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore, 15
 And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
 My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
 All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.

Against our coast appears a spacious land,
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command; 20
 Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
 A hospitable realm, while fate was kind,
 With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
 I land, with luckless omens; then adore 25
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
 I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
 And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
 To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
 And all the pow'rs that rising labours aid; 30
 A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid. }
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view:
 Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
 There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens, 35
 I pull'd a plant— with horror I relate
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—

The rooted fibres rose ; and from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood ; 40
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
Mann'd once again, another plant I try;
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone ; 45
With all the sisters of the woods ; and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—
That they, or he, these omens would avert ;
Release our fears, and better signs impart—
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength :
I bent my knees against the ground : once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel : from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverus of the tomb, 55
A groan as of a troubled ghost renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued :
' Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend ?
' O ! spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend !
' Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood : 60
' The tears distil not from the wounded wood ;
' But every drop this living tree contains
' Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
' O ! fly from this unhospitable shore,
' Warn'd by my fate ; for I am Polydore ! 65
' Here loads of lances, in my blood imbru'd,
' Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'

My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare
 My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.
 When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
 Old Priam, fearful of the war's event, 71 }
 This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent.
 Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
 From noise and tumults, and destructive war: }
 Committed to the faithless tyrant's care: 75 }
 Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
 Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join :
 Broke every bond of nature, and of truth,
 And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
 O sacred hunger of pernicious gold, 80
 What bands of faith can impious lucre hold !
 Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
 I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
 Relate the prodigies of heaven: require
 What he commands, and their advice desire. 85
 All vote to leave that execrable shore,
 Polluted with the blood of Polydore :
 But ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare ;
 Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
 In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round, }
 With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd, 91 }
 With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
 Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
 And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.
 Now, when the raging storms no longer reign,
 But southern gales invite us to the main, 96

We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind;
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' Ægean main appears;
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs. 100

It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.

Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore:
And the sun's temple and his town adore. 105

Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
Invites him to his palace; and in sign 110
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.

Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus before the shrine my vows present:

' Give, O Thymbræus! give a resting-place
' To the sad relics of the Trojan race: 115

' A seat secure, a region of their own,
' A lasting empire, and a happier town.

' Where shall we fix? Where shall our labors end?
' Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?

' Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find, 120
' But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.'

Scarce had I said; he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound. }

Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god: 125
Who gave this answer from his dark abode:

' Undaunted youth ! go, seek that mother earth
 ' From which your ancestors derive their birth;
 ' The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
 ' In her old bosom, shall again embrace. [reign,
 ' Through the wide world th' Æneian house shall
 ' And children's children shall the crown sustain.'

Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:

A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.

All are concern'd to know what place the god
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode. 136

My father, long revolving in his mind

The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,

Thus answer'd their demands: ' Ye princes ! hear

' Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear. 140

' The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,

' Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,

' In the mid ocean lies with large command ;

' And on its plains a hundred cities stand.

' Another Ida rises there ; and we 145

' From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.

' From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,

' To the Rhœtean shores old Teucer came;

' There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,

' Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose. 150

' In humble vales they built their soft abodes :

' Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,

' With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods. }

' She secret rites and ceremonies taught,

' And to the yoke the savage lions brought. 155

‘Let us the land, which heav’n appoints, explore;
‘Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.
‘If Jove assist the passage of our fleet,
‘The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.’

Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid 160

On smoaking altars, to the gods he paid—

A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,

Another bull to bright Apollo, slew—

A milk-white ewe the western winds to please,

And one, coal-black, to calm the stormy seas. 165

Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,

That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;

Expell’d and exil’d; that the coast was free

From foreign or domestic enemy.

We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea; 170

By Naxos, fam’d for vintage, make our way;

Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight

Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.

We pass the scatter’d isles of Cyclades,

That, scarce distinguish’d, seem to stud the seas.

The shouts of sailors double near the shores; 176

They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.

‘All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!’ they cry,

And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.

Full on the promis’d land at length we bore, 180

With joy descending on the Cretan shore.

With eager haste a rising town I frame,

Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:

The name itself was grateful:—I exhort

To found their houses, and erect a fort. 185

Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand.
 The youth begin to till the labour'd land ;
 And I myself new marriages promote,
 Give laws ; and dwellings I divide by lot ;
 When rising vapors choke the wholesome air, 190
 And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year :
 The trees, devouring caterpillars burn :
 Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn :
 Nor 'scape the beasts : for Sirius from on high }
 With pestilential heat infects the sky : 195 }
 My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
 Again my father bids me seek the shore
 Of sacred Delos and the god implore :
 To learn what end of wocs we might expect,
 And to what clime our weary course direct. 200
 'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
 The common gift of balmy slumber shares :
 The statues of my gods, (for such they seem'd,)
 Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
 Before me stood ; majestically bright, 205
 Full in the beams of Phœbe's eut'ring light.
 Then thus they spoke ; and eas'd my troubled mind :
 ' What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
 ' He tells thee here, and sends us to relate. 209
 ' Those powers are we, companions of thy fate,
 ' Who from the burning town by thee were brought ;
 ' Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
 ' Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
 ' So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.

‘ An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain ; 215
‘ A town, that o’er the conquer’d world shall reign.
‘ Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build ;
‘ Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield :
‘ But change thy seat ; for not the Delian god,
‘ Nor we, have giv’n thee Crete for our abode.
‘ A land there is, Hesperia call’d of old, 221
‘ (The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—
‘ Th’ Oenotrians held it once) by later fame,
‘ Now call’d Italia from the leader’s name.
‘ Jasius there, and Dardanus were born : 225
‘ From thence we came, and thither must return.
‘ Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet :—
‘ Search Italy ; for Jove denies thee Crete,’

Astonish’d at their voices, and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night ;
I saw, I knew their faces, and descry’d, 231
In perfect view, their hair with fillets ty’d,)
I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shiv’ring body sate :
To heav’n I lift my hands with pious haste, 235
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honors done,
More chearful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news : in little space
He found his error of the double race, 240
Not, as before he deem’d, deriv’d from Crete ;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat :
Then said, ‘ O son ! turmoil’d in Trojan fate,
‘ Such things as these Cassandra did relate ;

' This day revives within my mind, what she 245
 ' Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
 ' And Latian lands: but who could then have
 thought
 ' That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought?
 ' Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught? }
 ' Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way.' 250
 He said; and we with glad consent obey,
 Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
 We spread our sails before the willing wind.
 Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
 With only seas around, and skies above. 255
 When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
 And night with sable clouds, involves the main:
 The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
 The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways;
 The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes, 260
 And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
 Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
 No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
 Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found [around.
 Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reign'd
 Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays 266
 Without distinction, and three sunless days:
 The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
 We view a rising land like distant clouds:
 The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight, 270
 And curling smoke ascending from their height.
 The canvass falls, their oars the sailors ply,
 From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.

At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas. 275

Those isles are compass'd by th' Æonian main;
The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce, offended heav'n ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment— 281
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean. }

We landed at the port, and soon beheld 285

Fat herds of oxen graze the flow'ry field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feast:
And Jove himself the chief invited guest. 290

We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clatt'ring wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find; 295
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.

Close by a hollow rock again we sit,
Now dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made. 300
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the rav'nous birds return,

Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
 Or from another quarter of the sky;
 With filthy claws their odious meal repeat 305
 And mix their loathsome ordures with *their** meat.
 I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
 And with the hellish nation wage the war.
 They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
 And in the grass their glitt'ring weapons hide: 310
 Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
 Their clatt'ring wings, and saw the foes appear,
 Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm, [arm.
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers
 In this new kind of combat, all employ 315
 Their utmost force the monsters to destroy.
 In vain: the fated skin is proof to wounds;
 And, from their plumes, the shining sword rebounds.
 At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
 Yet one remain'd—the messenger of Fate, 321 }
 High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
 And thus her dismal errand did relate: }
 ' What! not contented with our oxen slain, 324 }
 ' Dare you with heav'n an impious war maintain, }
 ' And drive the Harpies from their native reign? }
 ' Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
 ' What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
 ' And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate—
 ' You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate:

* Ours.

'Th' Italian shores are granted you to find, 381
 'And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
 'But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build—
 'My curses shall severely be fulfill'd—
 'Fierce famine is your lot: for this misdeed, 385
 'Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.'
 She said: and to the neighb'ring forest flew:
 Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
 Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
 And on th' offended Harpies humbly call. 340
 And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
 Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
 But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,
 And, lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
 Ador'd the greater gods: 'Avert,' said he, 345 }
 'These omens; render vain this prophecy; [free.' }
 'And, from th' impending curse, a pious people }
 Thus having said, he bid us put to sea; }
 We loose from shore our hausers and obey, [way. }
 And soon, with swelling sails, pursue our wat'ry }
 Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear; 351
 And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
 We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
 And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
 At length Leucate's cloudy top appears, 355
 And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
 Resolv'd to breathe awhile from labor past, }
 Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast, }
 And joyful to the little city haste. }

Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way. 361
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil. 365
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door 370
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and action speaks:
'These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks.'
Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly. 375
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skim'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend. 379
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece: that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate. 385
I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court:
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.

Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd,
And sacred priests in order stand around, 391
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound. }

The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.

But when, at nearer distance, she beheld 395

My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,

Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat

Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat :

She faints, she falls; and, scarce recovering strength,

Thus, with a fault'ring tongue, she speaks at length :

‘ Are you alive, O goddess-born !’ she said, 401

‘ Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade ?’

At this she cast a loud and frightful cry :

With broken words I made this brief reply :

‘ All of me that remains appears in sight, 405

‘ I live; if living be to loathe the light.

‘ No phantom ; but I drag a wretched life ;

‘ My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.

‘ What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord ?

‘ By what strange blessings are you now restor'd ?

‘ Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled, 411

‘ And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed ?’

With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,

After a modest pause, she thus begun :

‘ Oh only happy maid of Priam's race, 415

‘ Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrace !

‘ Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,

‘ Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,

‘ Or in a haughty master's arms to lie. }

' In Grecian ships, unhappy we were borne, 420
 ' Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn :
 ' Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
 ' Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
 ' Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
 ' And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed. 425
 ' Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
 ' And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
 ' Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair, }
 ' And longing to redeem the promis'd fair, }
 ' Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher. 430 }
 ' By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd :
 ' At least one half with Helenus remain'd ;
 ' Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls :
 ' And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
 ' But you, what Fates have landed on our coast, 435
 ' What gods have sent you, or what storms have
 ' Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy, [toss'd?
 ' Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy ?
 ' O tell me how his mother's loss he bears, 439 }
 ' What hopes are promis'd from his blooming }
 ' How much of Hector in his face appears ?' [years, }
 She spoke: and mix'd her speech with mournful cries:
 And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
 At length her lord descends upon the plain,
 In pomp attended with a num'rous train : 445
 Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
 And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
 Proceeding on, another Troy I see ;
 Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.

A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran : 450

And I embrace the Scæan gate again.

My friends in porticos were entertain'd,

And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.

The tables fill'd the spacious hall around, 454

And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.

Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,

Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.

Then to the royal seer I thus began :

' O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,

' The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree, }

' Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy, 461 }

' From his own tripod, and his holy tree :

' Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,

' What auspices their notes and flights declare,

' O say ; for all religious rites portend 465

' A happy voyage, and a prosperous end ;

' And every pow'r and omen of the sky

' Direct my course for destin'd Italy.

' But only dire Celæno, from the gods,

' A dismal famine fatally forebodes : 470

' O say what dangers I am first to shun,

' What toils to vanquish, and what course to run !

The prophet first with sacrifice adores

The greater gods ; their pardon then implores,

Unbinds the fillet from his holy head ; 475 }

To Phœbus, next, my trembling steps he led, }

Full of religious doubts and awful dread.

Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,

These words proceeded from his mouth divine :

- ' O goddess-born ! (for heav'n's appointed will,
 ' With greater auspices of good than ill, 481
 ' Fore-shows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
 ' Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects:)
 ' Of many things, some few I shall explain, }
 ' Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main, 485 }
 ' And how at length the promis'd shore to gain. }
 ' The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal;
 ' And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
 ' First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh, }
 ' Will far from your deluded wishes fly: 490 }
 ' Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy: }
 ' For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
 ' And stem the currents with your struggling oars :
 ' Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
 ' And, after this, to Circe's island veer. 495
 ' And last, before your new foundations rise, [skies,
 ' Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether
 ' Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
 ' And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
 ' When in the shady shelter of a wood, 500
 ' And near the margin of a gentle flood,
 ' Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
 ' With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
 ' The dam and offspring white as falling snow: }
 ' These on thy city shall their name bestow, 505 }
 ' And there shall end thy labour and thy woe. }
 ' Nor let the threat'ned famine fright thy mind,
 ' For Phœbus will assist, and Fate the way will find.

' Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
 ' Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent ; 510
 ' Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd :
 ' The savage Locrians here the shores infest.
 ' There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
 ' And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
 ' And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands, 515
 ' Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
 ' Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
 ' And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
 ' Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
 ' Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice. 520
 ' These rites and customs to the rest commend,
 ' That to your pious rate they may descend.

' When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
 ' For Sicily, shall bear you to the streits ;
 ' Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way, 525
 ' Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea :
 ' Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
 ' And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
 ' An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
 ' The passage broke, that land from land divides :
 ' And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean
 rides. 531

' Distinguish'd by the streits, on either hand,
 ' Now rising cities in long order stand,
 ' And fruitful fields; so much can time invade 534
 ' The mould'ring work, that beauteous nature made.
 ' Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides :
 ' Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
 ' And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides ;

‘ Then spouts them from below ; with fury driven,
‘ The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.
‘ But Scylla from her den, with open jaws, 541
‘ The sinking vessel in her eddy draws ;
‘ Then dashes on the rocks—a human face,
‘ And virgin bosom, hides her tail’s disgrace ;
‘ Her parts obscene below the waves descend, 545
‘ With dogs inclos’d, and in a dolphin end.—
‘ ’Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
‘ And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,
‘ Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
‘ And the loud yell of wat’ry wolves to hear. 550
‘ Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
‘ And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
‘ Do not this precept of your friend forget,
‘ Which therefore more than once I must repeat:
‘ Above the rest, great Juno’s name adore ; 555
‘ Pay vows to Juno ; Juno’s aid implore.
‘ Let gifts be to the mighty queen design’d ;
‘ And mollify with pray’rs her haughty mind :
‘ Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
‘ And you shall safe descend on Italy. 560
‘ Arriv’d at Cumæ, when you view the flood
‘ Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
‘ The mad prophetic sibyl you shall find,
‘ Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin’d.
‘ She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits, 565
‘ The notes and names inscrib’d, to leaves commits.
‘ What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
‘ Before the cavern’s entrance are display’d :

- ' Unmov'd they lie : but if a blast of wind
 ' Without, or vapours issue from behind, 570
 ' The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air ;
 ' And she resumes, no more her museful care,
 ' Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
 ' Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
 ' Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid 575 }
 ' The madness of the visionary maids,
 ' And, with loud curses, leave the mystic shade. }
 ' Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
 ' Though thy companions chide thy long delay ;
 ' Tho' summon'd to the seas, though pleasing gales
 ' Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails :
 ' But beg the sacred priestess to relate 582
 ' With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.
 ' The fierce Italian people she will show, 584 }
 ' And all thy wars and all thy future woe, [dergo. }
 ' And what thou may'st avoid, and what must un- }
 ' She shall direct thy course ; instruct thy mind ;
 ' And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
 ' This is what heav'n allows me to relate : }
 ' Now part in peace ; pursue thy better fate, 590 }
 ' And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.' }

This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
 He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd :
 Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
 With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant ; 595
 Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
 And every ship with sums of silver stor'd.

A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, 600
Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy sends—
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars. 605
Mean time my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet blest the parting crew, and, last;
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd:
' Old happy man, the care of gods above, 610
' Whom heavenly Venus honor'd with her love,
' And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost!
' Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
' There land; but take a larger compass round;
' For that before is all forbidden ground. 615
' The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
' At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
' Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
' Bless'd in a son; and favor'd by the gods:
' For I with useless words prolong your stay, 620
' When southern gales have summon'd you away.'
Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flow'rs on golden tissue wrought, 625
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.

' Accept,' she said, ' these monuments of love,
 ' Which in my youth with happier hands I wove :
 ' Regard these trifles for the giver's sake ; 630
 ' 'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
 ' Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind :
 ' In thee, his features and his form I find.
 ' His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame ; 634
 ' Such were his motions, such was all his frame ;
 ' And, ah ! had heaven so pleas'd, his years had }
 been the same.'

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
 ' Your fortune, happy pair ! already made,
 ' Leaves you no farther wish : my different state,
 ' Avoiding one, incurs another fate. 640
 ' To you a quiet seat the gods allow,
 ' You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
 ' Nor fields of flying Italy to chace—
 ' Deluding visions, and a vain embrace—
 ' Yon see another Simoïs, and enjoy 645
 ' The labour of your hands, another Troy,
 ' With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,
 ' And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.
 ' If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
 ' Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore— 650
 ' If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
 ' And build a city I may call my own—
 ' As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
 ' So let our kindred lines in concord live,
 ' And both in acts of equal friendship strive. 655 }

' Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same :
 ' The double Troy shall differ but in name ;
 ' That what we now begin, may never end,
 ' But long to late posterity descend.'

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore—
 The shortest passage to th' Italian shore. 661

Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
 And hills were hid in dusky shades of night :
 We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
 A safe retreat and a bare lodging found. 665

Close by the shore we lay ; the sailors keep
 Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
 The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
 Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
 Her steepy rise, and her declining race. 670

Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
 The face of heaven, and the nocturnal sky ;
 And listen'd, every breath of air to try ;
 Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force ; 675
 And both the bears is careful to behold,
 And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd gold.

Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
 But a sure promise of a settled sky,
 He gave the sign to weigh : we break our sleep, 680
 Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.
 And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
 Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight ;
 When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
 The hills, and then the plains of Italy. 685

Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then 'Italy!' the cheerful crew rebound.
My sire, Anchises, crown'd a cup with wine,
And off'ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:
'Ye gods! presiding over lands and seas, 690
'And you who raging winds and waves appease,
'Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,
'And smooth our passage to the port assign'd.'
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view. 695
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Plac'd as a land-mark, on the mountain's height.
We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
The curling waters round the gallies roar.
The land lies open to the raging east, 700
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either side
Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide. 705
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
'War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,'
(My father cry'd,) 'where warlike steeds are found!
'Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
'And bend to subhorn yokes, and champ the bit,
'Peace may succeed to war.' Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hills ascend. 715

There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
 Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
 And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. 720 }
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
 To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
 From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
 For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
 Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands : 725
 Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacæan strands
 For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we spy,
 Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
 Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
 Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
 The billows break upon the sounding strand; 731
 And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
 Then thus Anchises, in experience old,
 'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold :
 ' And those the promis'd rocks ! bear off to sea.'
 With haste the frighted mariners obey. 736
 First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd ;
 Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
 To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
 Then down to hell descend, when they divide: 740
 And thrice our gallies knock'd the stony ground, }
 And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound, }
 And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dews }
 around.

The flagging winds forsook us with the sun ;
 And, weary'd, on Cyclopean shores we run. 745
 The port, capacious and secure from wind,
 Is to the foot of thund'ring Ætna join'd.
 By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high ;
 By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
 And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky. }
 Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown, 751
 And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
 Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
 Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
 Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove, 755
 With blasted limbs came tumbling from above ;
 And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
 This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
 As often as he turns his weary sides, [hides.
 He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens
 In shady woods we pass the tedious night, 761 }
 Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls }
 Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight. [affright, }
 For not one star was kindled in the sky ;
 Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply : 765
 For misty clouds involv'd the firmament ;
 The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
 Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd ;
 Scarce had his heat the pearly dew's dispell'd ;
 When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
 Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright ; 771
 So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
 So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.

This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t'implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore. 775
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard;
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns; and filth his
limbs besmear'd:

The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view, 780
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and sighs, for pity calls: 785
' Now by the pow'rs above, and what we share
' From nature's common gift, this vital air,
' O Trojans! take me hence; I beg no more,
' But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
' 'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own, 790
' Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
' For such demerits if my death be due,
' No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
' This only favour let my tears obtain,
' To throw me headlong in the rapid main: 795
' Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
' I die content, to die by human hands.'
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past;
His present state, his lineage, and his name; 800
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.

The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
 Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
 ' From Ithaca my native soil I came
 ' To Troy; and Achæmenides my name. 805
 ' Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
 ' (Oh! had I stay'd with poverty content!)
 ' But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
 ' Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den. 809
 ' The cave, though large, was dark: the dismal floor
 ' Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
 ' Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
 ' Erects his head, and stares within the skies;
 ' Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue. 814
 ' Ye gods! remove this plague from mortal view.
 ' The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food;
 ' And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
 ' These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
 ' He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band; 819
 ' Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
 ' Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
 ' With spouting blood the purple pavement swins,
 ' While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
 ' Not unreveng'd, Ulysses bore their fate,
 ' Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state; 825
 ' For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
 ' While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
 ' Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
 ' His indigested foam, and morsels raw—
 ' We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround 830
 ' The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground;

'What other death you please, yourselves bestow.'
 Scarce had he said, when, on the mountain's brow,
 We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
 His following flock, and leading to the shore—
 A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight, 865
 His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.
 His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends; }
 His woolly care their pensive lord attends: }
 This only solace his hard fortune sends. 869 }
 Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,
 From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves:
 He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd: through seas he
 strides;

And scarce the topmost billows touch his sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
 The cables cut, and silent haste away; 875
 The well-deserving stranger entertain;
 Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
 The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound;
 But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
 He strided onward, and in vain essay'd 880
 Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
 With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
 Shakes earth, and air, and sea; the billows fly, }
 Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy. }
 The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around, 885
 The winding caverns echo to the sound.
 His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
 And, rushing down the mountains, croud the shore.

We saw their stern distorted looks from far, 889
 And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threat'ned war.—
 A dreadful council! with their heads on high,
 (The misty clouds about their foreheads fly,)
 Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
 Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
 New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail; 895 }
 We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail, }
 And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
 Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
 Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
 'An equal fate on either side appears: 900
 We tacking to the left, are free from fears:
 For from Pelorus' point, the north arose,
 And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
 His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way
 By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay. 905
 This passage Achæmenides had shown,
 Tracing the course which he before had run.
 Right o'er-against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand,
 There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land.
 Alphæus, as old fame reports, has found 910
 From Greece a secret passage under ground,
 By love to beauteous Arethusa led:
 And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
 As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
 Diana's name, protectress of the shore. 915
 With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds
 Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.

Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
 The rocky shore extended to the sea.
 The town of Camarine from far we see, 920
 And fenny lake undrain'd by Fate's decree.
 In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
 And the large walls, where mighty Gela was :
 Then Agragas with lofty summits crown'd ;
 Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd : 925
 We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
 And widely shun the Lilybean strand,
 Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand. }
 At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
 Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd. 930
 Here, after endless labours, often tost
 By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
 My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost. }
 Ease of my cares and solace of my pain,
 Sav'd thro' a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain. 935
 The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd.
 And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
 Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill ;
 This my last labour was. Some friendly god 940
 From thence convey'd us to your blest abode.
 Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest
 His wand'ring course, and all his toils express'd, }
 And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

DIDO discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen :
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen :
 The hero's valour, acts, and birth inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
 His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart, 5
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought, 9
 And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought :

- ' My dearest Anna ! what new dreams affright
 ' My lab'ring soul ! what visions of the night
 ' Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 ' With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
 ' His worth, his actions, and majestic air, 15
 ' A man descended from the gods declare.
 ' Fear ever argues a degen'rate kind,
 ' His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 ' Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
 ' What brave attempts for falling Troy he made !
 ' Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke, 21
 ' That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 ' Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
 ' With second love, so fatal was my first—
 ' To this one error I might yield again : 25
 ' For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
 ' This only man is able to subvert
 ' The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 ' And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 ' Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30
 ' Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
- ' But first—let yawning earth a passage rend,
 ' And let me through the dark abyss descend—
 ' First let avenging Jove, with flames from high, }
 ' Drive down this body to the nether sky, 35 }
 ' Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie— }
 ' Before I break the plighted faith I gave : }
 ' No ! he who had my vows, shall ever have ; }
 ' For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.' }

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes, 40
 And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies :
 ' O dearer than the vital air I breathe !
 ' Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath ?
 ' Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
 ' Without the joys of mother or of wife ? 45
 ' Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
 ' Are known or valued by the ghost below ?
 ' I grant, that while your sorrows yet were green,
 ' It well became a woman and a queen
 ' The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect, 50
 ' To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
 ' With all the Libyan lords of mighty name :
 ' But will you fight against a pleasing flame ?
 ' This little spot of land, which heaven bestows,
 ' On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes : 55
 ' Getulian cities here are spread around,
 ' And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound :
 ' Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
 ' And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand :
 ' Barcean troops besiege the narrow shore, 60
 ' And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
 ' Propitious heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
 ' This wand'ring navy to your needful aid :
 ' How will your empire spread; your city rise
 ' From such an union, and with such allies ! 65
 ' Implore the favour of the pow'rs above,
 ' And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
 ' Continue still your hospitable way,
 ' And still invent occasions of their stay, 69

' Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
' And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.'

These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame. }

Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue ; 75
On every altar sacrifice renew :

A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.

Preferring Juno's power (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys) 80
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.

A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns ;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke ; 86

With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas ! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart ? 90
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves. 94
So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent woods—

With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
 Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart— 100
 And now she leads the Trojan chief along
 The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
 Displays her Tyrian wealth and rising town,
 Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
 His pomp she shows to tempt her wand'ring guest;
 Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest. 106
 When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
 Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
 She longs again to hear the prince relate
 His own adventures, and the Trojan fate: 110
 He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
 For still she begs to hear it once again.
 The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
 And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
 Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite, 116
 She last remains, when every guest is gone;
 Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
 Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
 Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears, 120
 And seeks the father's image in the child,
 If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Mean time the rising tow'rs are at a stand:
 No labours exercise the youthful band,
 Nor use of arts nor toils of arms they know; 125
 The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
 The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
 Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat

But when imperial Juno, from above,
 Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love, 130
 Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
 And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd.
 With soothing words to Venus she begun :
 ' High praises, endless honors you have won,
 ' And mighty trophies with your worthy son ! 135
 ' Two gods a silly woman have undone !
 ' Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
 ' This rising city, which my hands erect :
 ' But shall celestial discord never cease ?
 ' 'Tis better ended in a lasting peace. 140
 ' You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd ;
 ' Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.
 ' Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
 ' So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine
 ' One common kingdom, one united line— 145 }
 ' Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
 ' And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey !'
 Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descry'd, }
 Which would the sceptre of the world misguide }
 To Libyan shores) thus artfully reply'd : 150 }
 ' Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
 ' And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
 ' If Fortune with our joint desires comply ?
 ' The doubt is all from Jove and Destiny ;
 ' Lest he forbid with absolute command, 155
 ' To mix the people in one common land ;
 ' Or *will** the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
 ' In lasting leagues and sure succession join,

* i. e. *determine by volition.*

' But you the partner of his bed and throne, 159
 ' May move his mind :—my wishes are your own.
 ' Mine,' said imperial Juno, ' be the care :—
 ' Time urges now :—to perfect this affair,
 ' Attend my counsel, and the secret share. }
 ' When next the sun his rising light displays,
 ' And gilds the world below with purple rays, 165
 ' The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
 ' Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
 ' There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
 ' And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
 ' A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain 170
 ' With hail and thunder, and tempestuous rain :
 ' The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
 ' Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night :
 ' One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
 ' To the fair princess and the Trojan lord. 175
 ' I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
 ' If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there :
 ' So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
 ' And Hymen shall be present at the rites.'
 The queen of love consents, and closely smiles 180
 At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
 And horns and hounds awake the princely train :
 They issue early through the city gate,
 Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait, 185
 With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
 Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.

The Tyrian peers and officers of state,
 For the slow queen, in anti-chambers wait :
 Her lofty courser in the court below, 190
 (Who his majestic rider seems to know,)
 Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
 And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam
 The queen at length appears: on either hand [around.
 The brawny guards in martial order stand. 195
 A flower'd cymar, with golden fringe she wore,
 And at her back a golden quiver bore:
 Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
 A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains,
 Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace, 200
 Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chace.
 But far above the rest in beauty shines
 The great Æneas, when the troop he joins.
 Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
 Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast; 205
 When to his native Delos he resorts,
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
 Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
 Before the joyful altars join their hands:
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below 210
 The merry madness of the sacred show.
 Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose;
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
 His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien. 215
 Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the
 Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat: [seat

The cry pursues the mountain-goats; they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, 220 }
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain, }
 And a long chace, in open view, maintain, }
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides, [rides.
 Spurs through the vales, and these and those out-
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel 225
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way;
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend. 230

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
 A wint'ry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
 The company dispers'd, to coverts ride, 235
 And seek the homely cots, or mountains hollow side.
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills,
 The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
 One common cavern in her bosom hides. 240
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
 Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
 From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose 245
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes,

The queen, whom sense of honor could not move,
 No longer made a secret of her love,
 But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
 To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame. 250

The loud report through Libyan cities goes ;
 Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows.
 Swift from the first ; and every moment brings
 New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size ; 255
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies :
 Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful earth
 Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
 Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste—
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast ; 260
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight :
 Millions of op'ning mouths to fame belong ;
 And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue ; }
 And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is }
 She fills the peaceful universe with cries : 266
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.

By day from lofty tow'rs her head she shews, [news.
 And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous
 With court-informers haunts, and royal spies, 270
 Things done relates: not done she feigns; and
 ming'les truth with lies.

Talk is her bus'ness ; and her chief delight
 To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
 She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
 Who, ' lost to honor, and the sense of shame, 275

' Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
 ' A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled :
 ' Whole days with him she passes in delights,
 ' And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
 ' Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust, 280
 ' Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.'

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
 And flies at length to king Iarba's court,
 When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
 Whom did he not of men and gods accuse ! 285
 This prince, from ravish'd Garinantis born,
 A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
 In Ammon's honor, his celestial sire,
 A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire ;
 And through his vast dominions priests ordain'd, 290
 Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
 The gates and columns *are* * with garlands crown'd,
 And blood of victim beasts *enrich* * the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
 The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love, 295
 His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—
 Mad with despair, impatient with desire—
 Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
 He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine :
 ' Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race, 300
 ' Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
 ' Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
 ' With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine ;

* were and enrich'd in some copies.

' Seest thou not this ! or do we fear in vain 304
 ' Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign ?
 ' Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance ?
 ' Thine are the bolts ? or the blind work of chance ?
 ' A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
 ' A little town, bought at an easy rate ;
 ' She pays me homage ; (and my grants allow 310
 ' A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough ;)
 ' Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
 ' Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed !
 ' And now this other Paris, with his train
 ' Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign ! 315
 ' (Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
 ' Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress :)
 ' He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame ;
 ' And I, rejected I, adore an empty name !' 319
 His vows, in haughty terms, he thus prefer'd,
 And held his altar's horns : the mighty thunderer
 heard,

Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
 The lustful pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd.
 Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
 And both forgetful of their better fame. 325
 He calls Cyllenius ; and the god attends ;
 By whom his menacing command he sends :
 ' Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky ;
 ' Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly :
 ' There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
 ' In slothful riot and inglorious ease, 331

' Nor minds the future eity, giv'n by Fate.
 ' To him this message from my mouth relate :
 ' Not so, fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
 ' Thy life with pray'rs ; nor promis'd such a son.
 ' Her's was a hero, destin'd to command 336
 ' A martial race ; and rule the Latian land.
 ' Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw ;
 ' And, on the conquer'd world, impose the law.
 ' If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 340
 ' Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
 ' Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
 ' And grudge the Romans their immortal name ?
 ' What are his vain designs ? what hopes he more,
 ' From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore ? 345
 ' Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
 ' And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast !
 ' Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake :
 ' With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake.*

Hermes obeys ; with golden pinions binds 350
 His flying feet, and mounts the western winds :
 And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
 With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
 But first he grasps, within his awful hand,
 The mark of sov'reign power, his magic wand : 355
 With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves,
 With this he drives them down the Stygian waves ;
 With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight ;
 And eyes, tho' clos'd in death, restores to light.
 Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, 360
 And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.

Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies.
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd, 364
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapors bound:
Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends:—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends;
Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height 370
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below: 375
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince 382
New ramparts raising for the town's defence.
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift,) about his waste he wore; 385
A sword with glitt'ring gems diversify'd,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—' Degenerate man! 389
' Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou here,
' These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?

' Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
 ' Who sways the world below, and heav'n above,
 ' Has sent me down, with this severe command :
 ' What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land?
 ' If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 396
 ' Nor future praise, from fitting pleasure wean,
 ' Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir :
 ' The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
 ' To whom th' Ausonian sceptre and the state 400
 ' Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by Fate.'
 So spoke the god ; and, speaking, took his flight,
 Involv'd in clouds ; and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear :
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.
 Revolving in his mind the stern command, 406
 He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.
 What should he say? or how should he begin? }
 What course, alas! remains, to steer between }
 Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen? 410 }
 This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
 And all expedients tries, and none can find :
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means.
 After long thought, to this advice he leans:
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
 The fleet, and ship their men with silent care : 416
 Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
 To colour what in secret he design'd——
 Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
 Before the love-sick lady heard the news; 420

And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
 'To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
 Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
 They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey. 424

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
 (What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)

She was the first to find the secret fraud,
 Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
 Love, the first motions of the lover hears,
 Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears. 430

Nor impious fame was wanting to report
 The ships repair'd; the 'Trojans' thick resort,
 And purpose to forsake the 'Tyrian court. }
 Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound, 434
 And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.

Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
 When, from afar, their nightly god they hear, [spear. }
 And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy }

At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
 Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began: 440

' Base and ungrateful ! could you hope to fly,
 ' And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
 ' Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
 ' Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
 ' Or is the death of a despairing queen 445
 ' Not worth preventing, tho' too well foreseen?
 ' Ev'n when the wint'ry winds command your stay,
 ' You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
 ' False, as you are, suppose you were not bound
 ' To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;

- ' Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign, 451
 ' Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
 ' See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
 ' Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
 ' By this right hand, (since I have nothing more 453
 ' To challenge, but the faith you gave before,)
 ' I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 ' By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 ' If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
 ' Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
 ' By these my prayers, if pray'rs may yet have place,
 ' Pity the fortunes of a falling race! 462
 ' For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
 ' Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 ' For you alone I suffer in my fame; 465
 ' Bereft of honor, and expos'd to shame!
 ' Whom have I now to trust? ungrateful guest!
 ' That only name remains of all the rest!)
 ' What have I left? or whither can I fly?
 ' Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty? 470
 ' Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
 ' A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
 ' Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 ' And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 ' Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight, }
 ' Some young Æneas to supply your place, 476
 ' Whose features might express his father's face;
 ' I should not then complain, to live bereft
 ' Of all my husband, or be wholly left!

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his
 By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise, [eyes,
 Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length
 replies: 482

- ' Fair queen! you never can enough repeat
 ' Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
 ' Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name, 485
 ' While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
 ' This only let me speak in my defence—
 ' I never hop'd a secret flight from hence:
 ' Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 ' Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name. 490
 ' For, if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
 ' And not submit my life to fate's decree,
 ' My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore, }
 ' Those relics to review, their dust adore; }
 ' And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore. 495 }
 ' But now the Delphian oracle commands,
 ' And fate invites me to the Latian lauds.
 ' That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
 ' And all my vows are terminated there.
 ' If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born, 500
 ' With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn;
 ' Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
 ' Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
 ' As often as the night obscures the skies
 ' With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise, 505
 ' Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 ' Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;

' And young Ascanius justly may complain,
 ' Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
 ' Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd, 510
 ' Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 ' From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
 ' With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
 ' (The sender and the sent I both attest) 514
 ' These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd:
 ' Fair queen! oppose not what the gods command:
 ' Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.'

Thus while he spoke, already she began,
 With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,
 From head to foot survey'd his person o'er, 520
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:

' False as thou art! and more than false, forsworn!
 ' Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
 ' But hewn from hard'ned entrails of a rock!
 ' And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck! 525
 ' Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 ' Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
 ' Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
 ' All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind, 529
 ' So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
 ' Of man's injustice, why should I complain?
 ' The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 ' Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies;
 ' Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
 ' Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
 ' Justice is fled, and truth is now no more; 536
 ' I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore:

' With needful food his hungry Trojans fed :
 ' I took the traitor to my throne and bed :
 ' Fool that I was !—'tis little to repeat 540
 ' The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 ' I rave, I rave ! A god's command he pleads !
 ' And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
 ' Now Lycian lots ; and now the Delian god ;
 ' Now Hermines is employ'd from Jove's abode,
 ' To warn him hence ; as if the peaceful state 546
 ' Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate !
 ' But go : thy flight no longer I detain—
 ' Go seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main !
 ' Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow, 550
 ' The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 ' Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
 ' To thy proud vessels and their perjur'd lord !
 ' Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name :
 ' Dido shall come, in a black sulph'ry flame, 555
 ' When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame,
 ' Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep ;
 ' Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
 ' Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 ' At least my shade thy punishment shall know ;
 ' And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.'

Abruptly here she stops—then turns away 562
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led, 566
 And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

' But good Æneas, tho' he much desir'd
 To give that pity, which her grief requir'd—
 Tho' much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love—
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove; 571
 Reviews his forces: they with early care
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
 And well-caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride. 575
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
 Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
 On every side are seen, descending down, 580
 Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
 Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey. 585
 The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders on the pond'rous grain;
 Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain. }
 What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore! 591
 When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore;
 And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
 All-powerful love! what changes canst thou cause
 In human hearts, subjected to thy laws! 596

Once more her haughty soul the tyrant-bends:
 To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends,
 No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd. 600

' Look, Anna ! look ! the Trojans croud to sea :
 ' They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
 ' The shouting crew, their ships with garlands bind,
 ' Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind. 604
 ' Could I have thought this threat'ning blow so near,
 ' My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.

' But do not you my last request deny,
 ' With yon perfidious man your int'rest try, }
 ' And bring me news, if I must live or die. }
 ' You are his fav'rite, you alone can find 610

' The dark recesses of his inmost mind :
 ' In all his trusty secrets you have part,
 ' And know the soft approaches to his heart.
 ' Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
 ' Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go, 615

' Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
 ' Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
 ' Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's dust:
 ' Why should he then reject a suit so just ?
 ' Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly ?
 ' Can he this last, this only pray'r deny ? 621

' Let him at least his dang'rous flight delay,
 ' Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
 ' The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more :
 ' Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore. 625

' A short delay is all I ask him now—
 ' A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
 ' Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
 ' Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
 ' If you in pity grant this one request, 630
 ' My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.'

This mournful message pious Anna bears,
 And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
 But all her arts are still employ'd in vain; 634
 Again she comes, and is refus'd again. [move;
 His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings
 Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
 Justling from every quarter of the sky,
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend; 640
 His boughs they shatter, and his branches read;
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
 Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
 Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks: 645
 Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
 So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
 No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
 Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
 And bandy'd words still beating on his ears. }
 Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
 But the firm purpose of his heart remains. 652

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel fate,
 Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,

And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,
 To hasten on the death her soul decrees— 656
 Strange to relate ! for when, before the shrine,
 She pours, in sacrifice, the purple wine,
 The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
 And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. 660
 This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
 From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
 A marble temple stood within the grove,
 Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love ;
 That honor'd chapel she had hung around 665
 With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd :
 Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
 Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb :
 She thought she heard him summon her away,
 Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. 670
 Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note,
 The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
 And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
 With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
 Besides, old prophecies augment her fears, 675
 And stern Æneas in her dreams appears
 Disdainful as by day : she seems, alone,
 To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
 Guideless and dark ; or, in a desert plain,
 To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain— 680
 Like Ponteus, when, distracted with his fear,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear :
 Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
 Full in his face infernal torches toss'd ; 684

And shook her snaky locks : he shuns the sight,
 Flies o'er the stage, surpriz'd with mortal fright;
 The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight. }

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
 From death alone she seeks her last relief;
 The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd: 691
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
 And a false vigor in her eyes appears:)

' Rejoice !' she said. ' Instructed from above,
 ' My lover I shall gain, or lose my love. 695

' Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,

' Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run :

' There a Massylian princess I have found,

' Honor'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;

' Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care ; 700

' 'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.

' She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,

' Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.

' She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind

' The chains of love, or fix them on the mind : 705

' She stops the torrent, leaves the channel dry,

' Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.

' The yawning earth rebellows to her call,

' Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.

' Witness, ye gods! and thou my better part, 710

' How loth I am to try this impious art!

' Within the secret court, with silent care,

' Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:

' Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
 ' Spoils, arms and presents of my faithless guest.
 ' Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd, 716
 ' Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
 ' All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
 ' For so the priestess and her charms require.'

Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears, 720

A mortal paleness in her face appears:

Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find

The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd,

Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind. }

Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well, 725

She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell;

Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear

Within the secret court, expos'd in air.

The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;

And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. 730

Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,

And every baleful green denoting death.

The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,

The spoils and sword be left, in order spread, }

And the man's image on the nuptial bed. 735

And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)

The priestess enters, with her hair unbound, }

And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground. }

Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims, 739

And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,

And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,

With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground;

Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
 Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl, 745
 And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
 Robbing the mother's love.—The destin'd queen
 Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds; and next the highest altar stands: 750
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
 The heav'ns and planets, conscious of her death,
 And every pow'r, if any rules above, 755
 Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
 The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
 Nor murmur'ring tides disturb the gentle floods. 760
 The stars in silent order mov'd around, [ground.
 And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
 The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
 Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
 Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay, 765
 Forgetting the past labors of the day.
 All else of nature's common gift partake;
 Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
 Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
 Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind. 770
 Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
 Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind :
 ' What shall I do? what succour can I find?
 ' Become a suppliant to Iarba's pride, 775
 ' And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
 ' Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
 ' Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
 ' Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd—
 ' 'Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv'd? 780
 ' Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
 ' Laomedon still lives in all his race!
 ' Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
 ' And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
 ' What force have I but those, whom scarce before
 ' I drew reluctant from their native shore? 786
 ' Will they again embark at my desire,
 ' Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
 ' Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,[Tyre?
 ' And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
 ' Your pity, sister! first seduc'd my mind; 791
 ' Or seconded, too well, what I design'd.
 ' These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
 ' Had I continued free, and still my own—
 ' Avoiding love, I had not found despair, 795
 ' But shar'd, with savage beasts, the common air:
 ' Like them a lonely life I might have led,
 ' Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.'
 These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast;
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. 800
 Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
 And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged god appears: }
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears; }
 And, with this new alarm, invades his ears: 806 }
 ‘ Sleep’st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou
 ‘ Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town, [drown
 ‘ Beset with foes? nor hear’st the western gales
 ‘ Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails? }
 ‘ She harbors in her heart a furious hate, 810
 ‘ (And thou shalt find the dire effects too late,)
 ‘ Fix’d on revenge, and obstinate to die.
 ‘ Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow’r to fly.
 ‘ The sea with ships will soon be cover’d o’er,
 ‘ And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore. 815
 ‘ Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
 ‘ And sail before the purple morn arise.
 ‘ Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
 ‘ Woman’s a various and a changeful thing.’ 819
 Thus Hermes in the dream: then took his flight,
 Aloft in air unseen; and mix’d with night.

Twice warn’d by the celestial messenger,
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear:
 Then rous’d his drowsy train without delay:
 ‘ Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors }
 ‘ weigh; 825 }
 ‘ And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
 ‘ A god commands; he stood before my sight;
 ‘ And urg’d us once again to speedy flight.
 ‘ O sacred pow’r! what pow’r soe’er thou art,
 ‘ To thy bless’d orders I resign my heart; 830

'Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
 'And prosper the design thy will commands.'
 He said; and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
 His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
 An emulating zeal inspires his train; 835
 They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
 And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, 839
 And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
 When from a tow'r the queen, with wakeful eyes,
 Saw day point upwards from the rosy skies:
 She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
 And scarce in ken the sailing ships descri'd.
 Stung with despight, and furious with despair, 845
 She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair:
 'And shall-th' ungrateful traitor go,' she said,
 'My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
 'Shall we not arm, not rush from every street,
 'To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet? 850
 'Haste! haul my gallies out! pursue the foe!
 'Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
 'What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
 'My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns. 854
 'Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
 'This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
 'See now the promis'd faith! the vaunted name,
 'The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
 'Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
 'The burden of his feeble father bore! 860

- ' I should have torn him piece-meal—strow'd in
 floods
 ' His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
 ' Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
 ' Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
 ' Events are doubtful which on battle wait! 865
 ' Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate?
 ' My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
 ' Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
 ' At once extinguish'd all the faithless name; 869 }
 ' And I myself, in vengeance of my shame, [flame }
 ' Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the fun'ral }
 ' Thou sun! who view'st at once the world below
 ' Thou Juno! guardian of the nuptial vow,
 ' Thou Hecate! hearken from thy dark abodes;
 ' Ye furies! fiends! and violated gods! 875
 ' All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
 ' Attend her curses, and avenge her death!
 ' If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
 ' Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
 ' Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes, 880
 ' His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
 ' Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
 ' His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
 ' Let him for succour sue from place to place, 884
 ' Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:
 ' First let him see his friends in battle slain,
 ' And their untimely fate lament in vain:
 ' And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
 ' On hard conditions may he buy his peace. 889

- ' Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
 ' But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
 ' And lie unbury'd on the barren sand. }
 ' These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:
 ' And you ! my Tyrians, every curse fulfil;
 ' Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim 895
 ' Against the prince, the people, and the name.
 ' These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow,
 ' Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:
 ' Now, and from hence in every future age,
 ' When rage excites your arms, and strength sup-
 plies the rage, 900
 ' Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood ;
 ' With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood:
 ' Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs,
 ' And the same hate descend on all our heirs.'

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 The means of cutting short her odious days. 906
 Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said,
 (For when she left her country her's was dead,)
 ' Go, Barce, call my sister : let her care
 ' The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare : 910
 ' The sheep, and all the atoning off'rings, bring;
 ' Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
 ' With living drops: then let her come, and thou
 ' With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
 ' Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove, 915
 ' And end the cares of my disastrous love ;
 ' Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
 ' And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.'

The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear. 920
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.

With livid spots distinguish'd was her face, [pace:
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death. 926

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile, with furious haste ;
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind,
(Not for so dire an enterprize design'd). 930

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd, }
Then on the couch her trembling body cast, 934 }
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last :

' Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
' Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.

' My fatal course is finish'd, and I go,

' A glorious name, among the ghosts below.

' A lofty city by my hands is rais'd; 940

' Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.

' What could my fortune have afforded more,

' Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"

Then kiss'd the couch ; ' and must I die,' she

' And unreveng'd ? 'tis doubly to be dead ! {said,

' Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive ; 946

' On any terms, 'tis better than to live.

‘ These flames from far may the false Trojan view;
‘ These boding omens his base flight pursue.’ 949
She said, and struck : Deep enter’d in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy’d:
Clog’d in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke, 954
And, with loud cries, the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frightened court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from house to house it ran : 959
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their lov’d abodes,
Involv’d the blazing temples of their gods— 965
Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza’s name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
‘ Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar’d, 970
‘ These fires, this fun’ral pile, these altars rear’d?
‘ Was all this train of plots contriv’d, said she,
‘ All only to deceive unhappy me?
‘ Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
‘ To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend? 975
‘ Thy summon’d sister, and thy friend, had come;
‘ One sword had serv’d us both, one common tomb.

' Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
 ' Not to be present at the fatal stroke? 979
 ' At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;
 ' Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
 ' Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
 ' Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying
 breath.'

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd, 985
 Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
 To staunch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
 Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
 And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed; 989
 Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
 But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
 And clos'd her lids at last in endless night. }

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
 A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
 Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife 995
 Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
 For, since she dy'd, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,
 Or her own crime, but human casualty,
 And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
 The sisters had not cut the topmost hair, 1000
 Which Proserpine and they can only know,
 Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
 Downward the various goddess took her flight,
 'And drew a thousand colors from the light;
 Then' stood above the dying lover's head, 1005
 And said, ' I thus devote thee to the dead.

' This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear.'
Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair;
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd
in air. 1809

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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